JANUARY, 1905

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

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Popular Books of 1904.

It is unquestionably a fine thing to be ranked among the very highest in the literary world, yet a study of the "Best Selling Books" of the past five years shows that the stars of the first magnitude have not nearly had things all their own way. The names of such men as George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, J. M. Barrie, Henry James, and William Dean Howells look very impressive in print; yet somehow when the leading bookseller of Duluth, let us say, turns to the task of making his monthly report on the local literary market, he seems to pass these men by in favour of scribes of lesser distinction and narrower fame. During the past twelve months Mr. James, Mr. Kipling, and Mr. Howells have not been idle, yet so far as these reports are concerned, *Traffics and Discoveries*, *The Golden Bowl* and *The Son of Royal Langbrith* might never have been written. On the other hand, the newcomer, though he or she may realise that years will be needed to build up a literary reputation of the first rank, has the consolation of knowing that the distinction of being the author of the best selling novel in the United States and the accruing advantages are, in a measure, open to all.

While it is, of course, impossible to predict with any degree of accuracy what a year will bring forth, there are certain men and women writing to whom we can point as authors whose books will be found on the list for some years to come. There is Mr. Winston Churchill, for instance. We do not rank Mr. Churchill very high as a novelist, but we ascribe to him a very rare knowledge of the resources and the limitations of the American reading public. We have no hesitation in predicting that about the early summer of 1906 Mr. Churchill will publish a new novel of five or six hundred pages, and that it will be instantly in great demand. Other authors whose books are almost certain to be found on these lists are John Fox, Jr., Booth Tarkington, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Marion Crawford, Stewart Edward White, Ellen Glasgow, Mary Johnston, Gertrude Atherton, Gilbert Parker, George Barr McCutcheon, Richard Harding Davis—the list might include a few names more. Most of these men and women are doing excellent work, and when we speak of them as "Best Sellers" it is without any intention of disrespect.

In THE BOOKMAN for January, 1904, the list at the end showed that first place was held by John Fox Jr.'s *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* with one

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MARY JOHNSTON.
MIRIAM MICHELSON.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.
ELLEN GLASGOW.

The authors of the "Best Sellers" for 1904.

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HENRY HARLAND.
STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

WINSTON CHURCHILL.
JOHN FOX, JUNIOR.

The authors of the "Best Sellers" for 1904.

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hundred and fifty-five points. Fifty-seven points behind came *Rebecca,* followed by *The Call of the Wild, The Heart of Rome, Colonel Carter's Christmas,* and *Cherry.* The book standing first and second in January again stood first and second in February, and *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* led in the matter of points to a degree that left no doubt of its popularity. *The Call of the Wild* and *Colonel Carter's Christmas* were also in the February lists, but *The Heart of Rome* and *Cherry* had dropped out, their places having been taken by *The Courtship of Miles Standish* and *The Fortunes of Fifi.* In March *The Little Shepherd* was still at the head of the list, but a new book, *The Deliverance,* had come up to supplant *Rebecca. Rebecca* was third, followed by *The Call of the Wild, My Friend Prospero,* and *Gordon Keith.* In April *The Deliverance* forged to the front to hold first place for two months, *My Friend Prospero* was second, while *The Little Shepherd* and *Rebecca* and *The Call of the Wild* in third, fourth and fifth places showed signs of waning popularity. The most striking feature of that month's list was probably that sixth place was held by a book which was not fiction. The book was Senator Beveridge's *The Russian Advance,* and its large sale was due to the general interest in the war in the East. Although *The Deliverance* was first in May, it was closely pressed by *Sir Mortimer,* which book assumed in June an overwhelming lead. In July, however, *Sir Mortimer* had to be content with second place, first place being held by Stewart Edward White's *The Silent Places.* In August the list began to show the great sale of Mr. Churchill's *The Crossing,* which led with no less than three hundred and eight points. *The Silent Places* was second, and Miss Michelson's *In the Bishop's Carriage* third. *The Crossing* led in the September and October numbers by wide margins. Other books selling well in these months were *The Silent Places, In the Bishop's Carriage,* and *The Castaway. The Crossing* dropped to third place in November, and failed to show at all in December. In the first month Gilbert Parker's *A Ladder of Swords* had a brief lead. The closing month of the year showed Mr. McCutcheon's *Beverly of Graustark* safely in the lead, although the last lists to come in gave the impression that *The Masquerader* would soon prove a formidable competitor.

JANUARY.	POINTS.
1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.	155
2. Rebecca	98
3. The Call of the Wild	90
4. The Heart of Rome	83
5. Colonel Carter's Christmas	79
6. Cherry	47

FEBRUARY.	
1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.	234
2. Rebecca	163
3. The Call of the Wild	96
3. The Courtship of Miles Standish	96
5. Colonel Carter's Christmas	91
6. The Fortunes of Fifi	43

MARCH.	
1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.	157
2. The Deliverance	127
3. Rebecca	124
4. The Call of the Wild	91
5. My Friend Prospero	88
6. Gordon Keith	50

APRIL.	
1. The Deliverance	260
2. My Friend Prospero	207
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.	166
4. Rebecca	116
5. The Call of the Wild	70
6. The Russian Advance	60

MAY.	
1. The Deliverance	181
2. Sir Mortimer	155
3. Rebecca	149
4. My Friend Prospero	141
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.	98
6. The Yoke	66

JUNE.	
1. Sir Mortimer	208
2. The Deliverance	80
3. Rebecca	68
4. The Yoke	64
4. The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen	64
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.	56

JULY.	
1. The Silent Places	150
2. Sir Mortimer	112
3. Rulers of Kings	89
4. When Wilderness was King	87
5. The Memoirs of a Baby	81
6. The Cost	71

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AUGUST.	POINTS.
1. The Crossing	308
2. The Silent Places	105
3. In the Bishop's Carriage	78
4. The Castaway	62
5. Sir Mortimer	49
6. The Memoirs of a Baby	44

SEPTEMBER.	
1. The Crossing	285
2. The Castaway	97
3. In the Bishop's Carriage	92
4. The Pillar of Light	72
5. The Cost	56
6. The Silent Places	51

OCTOBER.	
1. The Crossing	201
2. In the Bishop's Carriage	151
3. The Castaway	100
4. The Silent Places	94
5. The Rose of Old St. Louis	66
6. The Queen's Quair	64

NOVEMBER.	
1. A Ladder of Swords	152
2. In the Bishop's Carriage	121
3. The Crossing	119
4. The Affair at the Inn	83
5. The Rose of Old St. Louis	74
6. Old Gorgon Graham	71

DECEMBER.	
1. Beverly of Graustark	151
2. The Masquerader	103
3. The Affair at the Inn	100
4. Old Gorgon Graham	86
4. A Ladder of Swords	86
6. In the Bishop's Carriage	55

A compilation of the above tables yields the following results:

Six times mentioned.

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, Rebecca.

Five times mentioned.

In the Bishop's Carriage.

Four times mentioned.

The Call of the Wild, The Deliverance, Sir Mortimer, The Silent Places, The Crossing.

Three times mentioned.

My Friend Prospero, The Castaway.

Twice mentioned.

Colonel Carter's Christmas, The Yoke, The Memoirs of a Baby, The Cost, The Rose of Old St. Louis, A Ladder of Swords, The Affair at the Inn, Old Gorgon Graham.

Once mentioned.

The Heart of Rome, Cherry, The Courtship of Miles Standish, The Fortunes of Fifi, Gordon Keith, The Russian Advance, The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen, Rulers of Kings, When Wilderness was King, A Pillar of Light, The Queen's Quair, Beverly of Graustark, The Masquerader.

In the aggregate number of points the eight books which led during 1904 were:

	POINTS.
1. The Crossing	913
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.	866
3. Rebecca	718
4. The Deliverance	648
5. Sir Mortimer	524
6. In the Bishop's Carriage	419
7. The Silent Places	400
8. My Friend Prospero	348

Rather curiously, four of these eight best books were written by men and four by women. In the entire list there were thirty-one books as against thirty-two in 1903, twenty-eight in 1902, twenty-nine in 1901 and twenty-six in 1900. Two of the books were written by English authors, one by a Canadian, one was published anonymously, while twenty-seven were the work of Americans. *Rebecca* and *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* ran for six consecutive months during 1904, *The Little Shepherd* having been among the six best in November and December, 1903, and *Rebecca* in December. But these uninterrupted runs were comparatively insignificant compared with the runs of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* in 1902 and *When Knighthood Was in Flower* in 1899 and 1900. *Knighthood* appeared in fourteen consecutive lists and *Mrs. Wiggs* in twelve. On the other hand, *Lady Rose's Daughter*, which was the most consistent book in 1903, appeared in but five.

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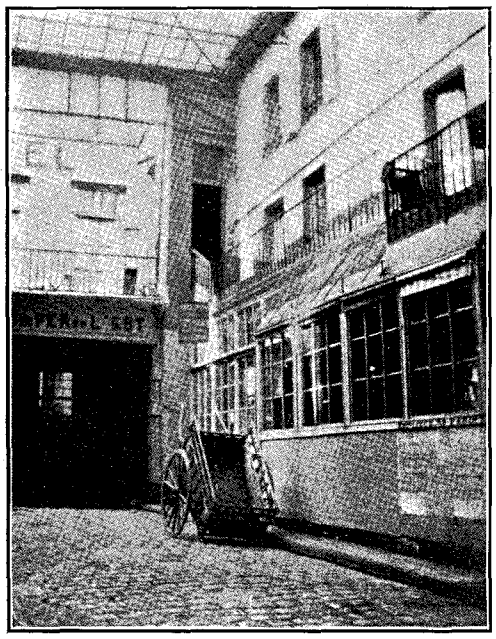


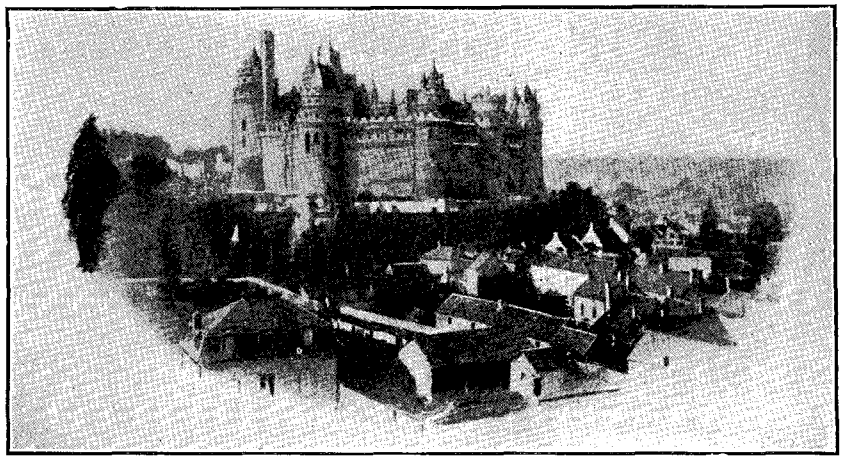
D'ARTAGNAN'S LODGINGS, RUE TIQUETONNE.

The Trail of the Musketeers.

As at least three years have elapsed without anything more than a passing allusion to *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, *Vingt Ans Après* and *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*, our readers will probably view the accompanying illustrations with something of a reminiscent thrill. Strange as it may seem, the Paris of Athos, Aramis, Porthos and d'Artagnan—a Paris of 1630 to 1660—is more accessible to the visitor to-day than the Paris of the characters of Balzac's *Comédie Humaine*. Step by step one can follow the young Gascon from the time of his entry into Paris on the back of his Rosinante until the day when he wins recognition and promotion, whereas almost all of the streets wherein dwelt the Marneffés, the Rubempres, the Ponses and the Rastignacs of Balzac have long since been swept away. Of particular interest to us is the picture of the Château de Pierrefonds. It gives us an adequate idea of the extent of the magnificence in which Porthos lived after his union with his mysterious "Duchess," and rouses us to fresh sympathy for the plight of the faithful Mousqueton when his master was persuaded by the wily d'Artagnan to give up material joys and to embark on the enterprise that so nearly led to the rescue of the ill-fated King Charles of England.

The Duke of Wellington's Romance.

The recent publication of the late G. R. Gleig's *Personal Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington* has served to clear up a much-mooted controversy and to relieve the Duke of some of the obloquy which has always attached to him in his domestic relations. It is a matter of common knowledge that he was an unkind husband and an indifferent father; but the story that is usually told about his marriage is now shown to have done him more or less injustice. According to the current version of it, the



THE CHÂTEAU DE PIERREFONDS.

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Duke, as a young officer, became engaged to Lady Catherine Pakenham, a daughter of the Earl of Longford. Soon after their engagement, young Wellesley, who had as yet no title and whose army pay was very meagre, went out to India and was absent from home for almost ten years. During that time the engagement was tacitly allowed to lapse, and Wellesley, at least, ceased to feel any interest in the girl whom he had once admired.

This story now proves to have been incorrect. According to Mr. Gleig, the Duke, on returning from India, felt all his old affection for the lady rapidly revive, and, indeed, he was more in love with her than ever, so that they were married after a very short courtship. After the marriage, however, the Duke learned that Lady Catherine in his absence had become engaged to another man, and that at the time of their first

THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.

When he came back to England, however, he found that Lady Catherine had not understood that the engagement was broken; and so the successful Indian soldier, because of his strict sense of honour, insisted upon marrying her as a matter of duty. Having done so, however, he failed to show her any tenderness, but, on the contrary, treated her in such a way as to make her life a most unhappy one.

meeting after his return the engagement still existed, but that she had broken it in order to win back one who had become famous and had already received a peerage. When the Duke learned this, it seemed to him to involve not only inconstancy but deceit, and from that moment his manner toward her became cold and stern. In fact, he never actually forgave her, and their life together was wholly

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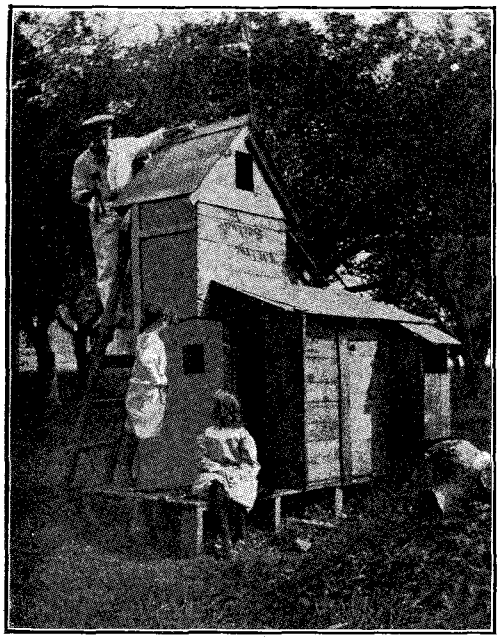

GELETT BURGESS AND HIS "PACKING-BOX" HOME.

destitute on his side of any sympathy or even friendliness. Mr. Gleig, however, quite unconsciously rather spoils the effect of his defence by making the story just related an excuse for Wellington's harsh treatment of his sons, upon whom he visited what he regarded as unpardonable wrong inflicted on him by their mother. The Duchess was a very attractive woman, and there is no doubt that she was deeply in love with her famous husband. Had he been more generous he might have found in her feeling for him much justification for her conduct. The portrait which we give of her is from the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Mr. Gleig incidentally tells a little story about the Duke's eldest son, Lord Douro. The young man had been sent to Christ Church, Oxford, to pursue his studies. While there he became involved in a little escapade of no great consequence, and was rusticated by the Dean. The Duke, relying upon his own prestige and the greatness of his fame, thereupon wrote a letter to the Dean, practically demanding that the sentence of rustication should be cancelled. Whereupon the Dean, with sturdy English independence, sent back the following reply:

"The Dean begs to assure his Grace that though he may be master of the art of commanding armies, he is no judge of how discipline in a college must be maintained."

Mr. Gleig speaks of this incident with bated breath and an air of holy horror; but most persons will feel a certain joy in contemplating the conqueror of Waterloo routed ignominiously by a peaceful Dean!

The "Goop Hotel."

A good deal of scepticism was expressed a short time ago over a publisher's story about Gelett Burgess and his *Goop Hotel*. According to the story, Mr. Burgess had built in a corner of an orchard at Scituate, Massachusetts, a little house composed entirely of packing cases. This building was said to consist of four rooms, two stories and a stairway, piazza, doors and windows complete, the whole ground plan covering an area of only six by eight feet. In the upper chamber, measuring only three feet square, Mr. Burgess was understood to spend hours daily wrestling with the Muse. For some reason most people

EUGÈNE SUE.

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were disinclined to give credit to the tale and sarcastic allusions to the "Goop Hotel" were made in various newspapers. The accompanying photograph, however, must sweep away the last vestige of incredulity.

The last month of 1904 contained three interesting centenaries. That of Benjamin Disraeli, who was born December 21st, 1804, has been marked in England by the reissue of his novels in more than one form. December 10th was the centenary of the birth of Eugène Sue. To American readers Sue is known entirely as the author of *Les Mystères de Paris* and *Le Juif Errant*. Very few people in this country have even the slightest acquaintance with the sea tales by which he made his first reputation. A third literary centenary was that of Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve, the greatest of French critics, who was born December 23d, 1804. Portraits of Benjamin Disraeli and of Sainte-Beuve have appeared in the columns of THE BOOKMAN within the last few years. The portrait of Eugène Sue has never before been printed by us

Literary Centenaries.

THE LATE MRS. GILBERT.

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ELEANORA DUSE.

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nor do we remember its having appeared for many years in an American magazine.

Melodrama and the Classes.

We observed a suburban billboard the other day which, though not differing in spirit from many other theatrical billboards, was unusually vivid and replete. A dastard pointing his rifle at a horse which is gazing at him from a passing freight train, a bomb exploding near the freight train, a man, probably a dastard also, reeling from the bomb, a frightened hostler standing near the horse, another man lying on the ground, probably the hero and guiltless, a young woman kneeling by his side, and covering the villain with her revolver as she says, "If you shoot him I will kill you!" Proud of our high-school education, we passed on, contemptuous, and later went to see Miss Barrymore in *Sunday*, at a theatre appropriate to our wealth and station. We were an audience with soles to our shoes and other evidences of refinement. We were on the proper side of Manhattan Island. Not one of us but could read and write; no peanuts falling from above, no drunkenness, chewing-gum, or onions; education

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

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everywhere and gentle birth. We may not have been a clever audience, but we thought we did know what was what. That billboard drama could not have drawn us to its part of town except perhaps as condescending humourists to see "the kind of play where people hiss the villain." *Sunday* was socially admissible; to like it would not declass us. Never was there a more uncomfortable convention. The audience that could like *Sunday* in the way the author meant it to be liked would fairly revel in the sort of plays they have at cheaper theatres. *Sunday* is a successful play, and will move triumphantly along in high-priced playhouses, while nobler products of the same rude art are confined to vulgar avenues. Clothes have made cowards of these people. They venture only where collars are worn clean, but their hearts are virgin and their minds unseared. Their hearts are in the Bowery, and the Bowery would better serve their turn.

❦

For *Sunday* is enfeebled melodrama, senile and toothless. It differs from that billboard play only in its omissions. There is, of course, Miss Barrymore,

OTIS SKINNER IN "THE HARVESTER," THE ADAPTATION OF RICHEPIN'S "LE CHEMINEAU."

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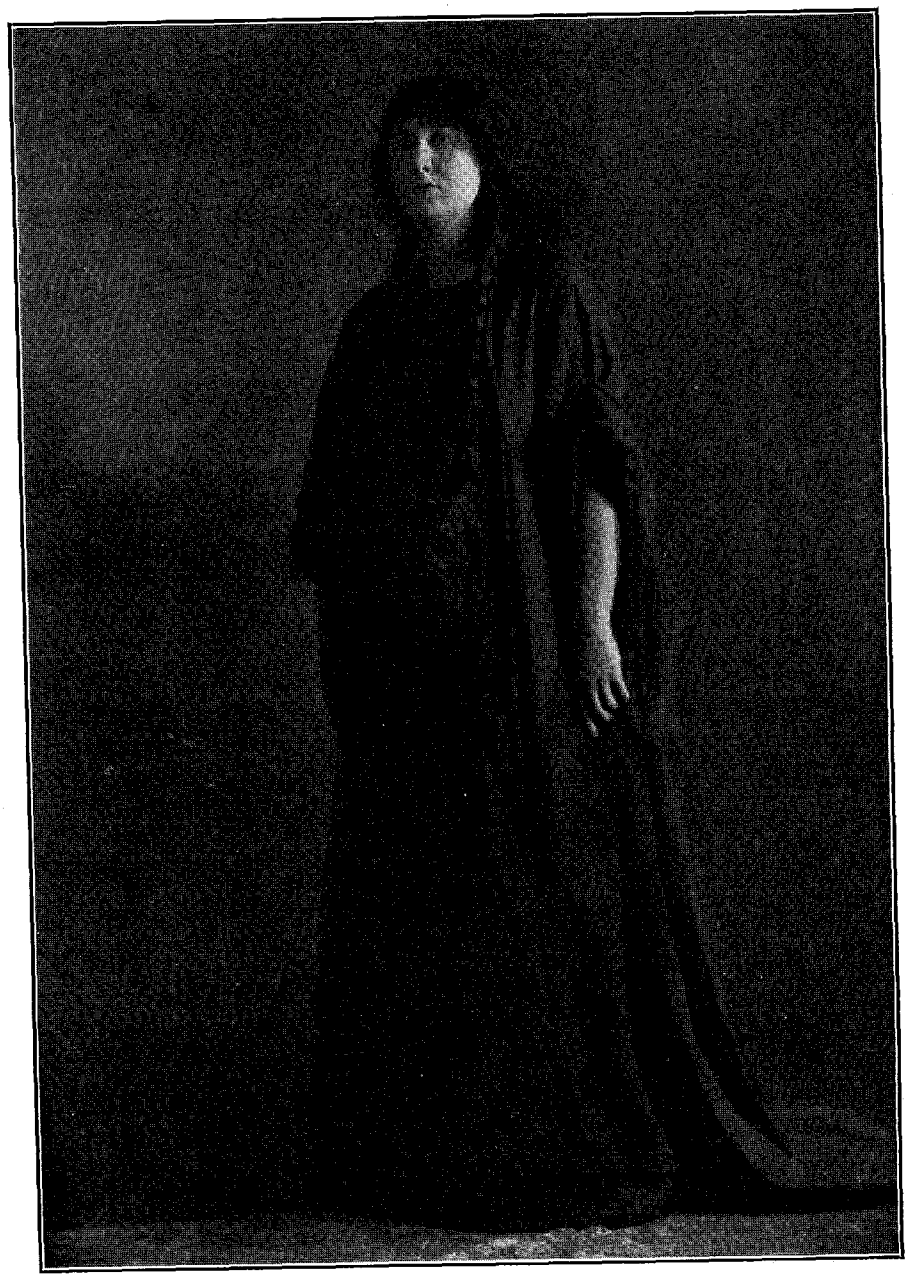
who personally will outshine that other leading lady. On the other hand, in the billboard drama there would be more of everything of the same kind—more incidents of equal probability, as reasonable a plot but thicker, as good sentiments but louder—and since there could not conceivably be any less sense in it than in *Sunday*, it is surely to its advantage to have so much more bodily activity. In fact, when a play is pitched throughout in that intellectual key it is disgraceful not to blow up a horse or freight train or the like. What else is there to do? Shoot not once, as in *Sunday*, but often; burn the old homestead;



MISS O'NEILL AS LADY MACBETH.

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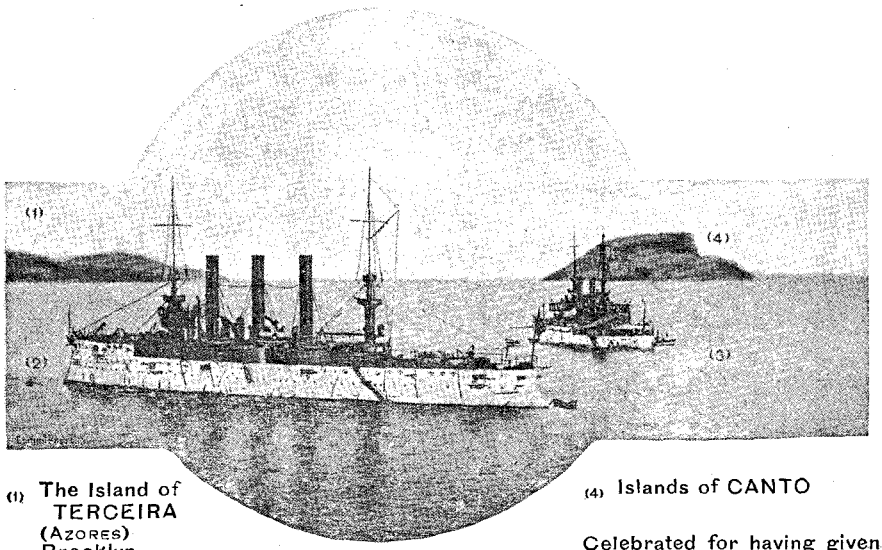

(1) The Island of TERCEIRA (AZORES)
(2) Brooklyn
(3) Illinois
—United States-Armoured Ships — 1903

(4) Islands of CANTO

Celebrated for having given refuge to *Alabama* who illuded the persecution of *Kearsage*, during the war of the two States of Union in 1862.

hurl the woman into the waves. From this kind of a play the cheaper audiences demand it, and they are right. There is not a line of *Sunday* that they have not already wearied of, and in their own plays they insist that such material shall at least be rendered physically piquant by mechanical surprises. But the thousands who will see *Sunday* performed are debarred by false pride from these higher pleasures.

❧

"Joseph Entangled."

For the first time Mr. Jones has achieved the light manner towards which for the last few years he has been so obviously striving. In *Whitewashing Julia* last year he was more ingenious in design, and from an outline of the two plots any one would say it was the better play, but it failed from sheer clumsiness. It kept on after it had made its points, nursed its humour and made its characters prose. It turned on the question of a woman's innocence, and evaded an answer by endowing her with cleverness enough to convince her accusers that they had better hold their tongues. In *Joseph Entangled* there is also a woman's honour involved. That is an essential of all Mr. Jones's plays, his mind being so constituted that it refuses to act in any matter that is not concerned directly with a woman's good name. In this play, however, she is the innocent victim of circumstances that compromise her in the minds of sophisticated friends and a suspicious husband. The interest of the plot is merely the question whether her husband's disbelief in her truthful version of the affair will goad her into running away with her former lover, but the interest of the play as a whole consists in the light, amusing dialogue and the natural way in which the situations come about.

❧

A Card from the Azores.

The people of the Azores have a right to be proud of their beautiful islands, and possess the art of doing nothing to amount to much very gracefully, so what do a few odd ideas of history, such as are shown in the accompanying card, matter after all. In the Azores events of the American War of Secession may not be generally understood with absolute accuracy, but this card shows an hospitable intent which we cannot but applaud.

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Abraham Cahan.

Since the publication four years ago of *The Imported Bridegroom*, a collection of realistic stories of the New York Ghetto, Abraham Cahan has written so little for the magazines that it was assumed his newspaper work, first on the *Commercial Advertiser* and later as editor-in-chief of the *Daily Forward*, the leading daily of the East Side, occupied his entire time. He has been, however, at work on *The White Terror and the Red*, a novel of Russian revolutionary life, to be published this month, of which the rights of publication in England, France and Germany have already been secured. Mr. Cahan is one of Mr. Howells's literary discoveries, whom the American public at first knew only as the Socialist editor of a Hebrew periodical. That Mr. Cahan could write fiction in English was the discovery of Mrs. Howells, who had heard her husband speak of the interesting Russian exile, a Nihilist who had come to this country after the anti-Semitic riots which followed the assassination of Alexander II. She read a story of East Side life in one of the minor magazines signed by Abraham Cahan, and called her husband's attention to it. Mr. Howells at once invited the Russian

ABRAHAM CAHAN.

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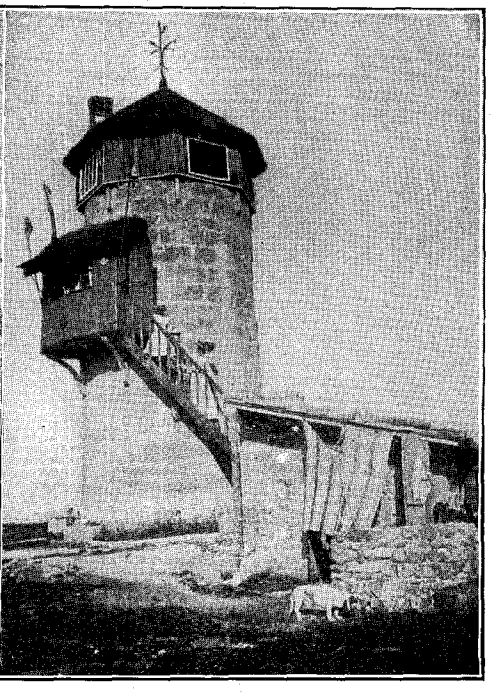
THE CORNER OF ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE'S PARIS STUDIO, WHERE HE WROTE "FATA MORGANA."

WHERE M. CASTAIGNE FOUND HIS MATERIAL FOR THE CHAPTER "A PARISIAN DEBUT."



THE TOWER WHICH PLAYS A PART IN M. CASTAIGNE'S "FATA MORGANA."

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writer to his house, and strongly urged him to write fiction. *Yekl,* a tale of the New York Ghetto, was born of Mr. Howells's encouragement. It attracted immediate attention, both here and in England. It was intensely realistic, but it was recognised as a work of striking literary merit, which depicted a phase of life in New York never before treated in fiction. Then came the stories in the principal magazines, subsequently included in *The Imported Bridegroom,* which added to Mr. Cahan's reputation as an authority on the East Side no less than as a literary artist. It made Mr. Howells say: "I cannot help thinking that in him we have a writer of foreign birth who will do honour to American letters."

The title of his new novel is descriptive. The "white" terror is the Czar's, the Russian military uniform being white, "red" being, of course, the revolutionary hue. Mr. Cahan was deep in the Nihilist movement while at College in Vilna. After his graduation he was appointed a teacher in Velish, province of Vitebsk, and there formed a "circle," composed of members of the local nobility, carrying the revolutionary propaganda among the educated classes as well as among the peasantry, until incriminating documents were seized at the house of a friend, and to escape being sent to Siberia by "administrative process," he fled in a row-boat at night. He secured a false passport, and joined a group of Jewish emigrants and Nihilists, who had determined to enjoy freedom in another country. They were going to found communistic colonies in the United States, aid their imprisoned brothers in Siberia to escape by way of the Pacific and do other noble things. Most of them never got beyond New York. They are to-day the old inhabitants of the Ghetto and are variously prosperous. Mr. Cahan's inside knowledge of the Nihilistic conspiracies, his acquaintance at first hand with the scenes and the victims of the riots, and his literary grasp on character, all are evident in *The White Terror and the Red.* It is a novel of the most sensational episodes treated with absolute realism. The assassination of Alexander II., for example, is handled as by an eye-witness, for, in addition to his intimate knowledge of the leaders of the movement, Mr. Cahan has one of the most valuable collections of "underground literature," pamphlets, proclamations, and *comptes rendues* of the Nihilist movement, most of it from the "underground" presses and from the revolutionary committee in Switzerland. The novel gives an accurate picture of Russia in the throes of the two terrorisms, the above-ground as well as the underground Russia, the Russian official, the Russian political dreamer, the moujik, the soldier, the Jew, all exactly as they are. It is safe to say that the knowledge of Russian character obtained from reading Mr. Cahan's novel makes it easier to understand not only the Japanese victories but the egregious exploits of the Baltic fleet. It is the only book about Russia which he has written. Mr. Cahan's next novel will be of American life.

André Castaigne.

A few months ago we printed in these columns a number of letters from well-known authors and illustrators on the subject of book illustration. Some of the writers contended that carelessness on the part of artists was often responsible for misinterpretation of incidents and characters, whereas, on the other hand, many of the illustrators had grievances as well. It was a certain feeling of resentment that led M. André Castaigne to write *Fata Morgana.* He had grown weary of illustrating the work of other men, and decided to write a book of his own. He had long felt a strong desire for literary work, having been brought up in an atmosphere of books. His grandfather was the librarian of the city of Angoulème, and in the library at home, which contained over four thousand volumes, the best in Greek, Latin, English, German and French literature, young Castaigne browsed, reading voraciously and illustrating, with pencil sketches, all he read. Castaigne studied in Paris at the Suisse Academy, and later at the Beaux-Arts as a pupil of Gerome and Cabanel. In 1890 he came to this country as director and instructor of the Charcoal Club, Baltimore, returning to France in 1894 to become an instructor in the Colossi Academy, Paris. His summer home is in the country near his place of birth; in winter, his studio is in Paris.

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The Real Tartarin.

Readers of THE BOOKMAN may remember two articles on *The Trail of Tartarin* which appeared in this magazine about three years ago. The writer of these papers aimed to show by pen and camera the haunts of the Lion-Slayer in the quaint old city of Tarascon, and to follow him to Marseilles and across the Mediterranean to Algeria, the scene of his most famous exploits. It was pointed out in these articles that the actual Tartarin never really existed, that Daudet meant him simply as a type, summing up the exuberance and the spirit of exaggeration of the Midi. At the time, however, when the book had its first great success, the impression was general throughout France that Daudet was writing of a real personage, and this belief became for Tarascon a source of great prosperity. Numbers of strangers stopped in the town, and on their arrival at the hotels asked first of all the time and the place where they could see Tartarin. The landlord, being himself of the South, would calm their impatience and benefit himself by saying: "M. Tartarin is out hunting; he will return in a week." At the end of a week most of the visitors had become discouraged, but they did not leave before their landlord had shown them the habitation of Tartarin, and the café where he was in the habit of meeting his friends. The most minute details regarding his manner of life, his tastes, and his appearance were furnished to curious tourists, with concluding remarks that M. Tartarin was a great glory to the city, and that if the visitors would only return a little later they would certainly find him, as he was seldom away.

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Les Annales Politiques et Littéraires of the 6th of last November published an account of the person from whom the paper claimed that Daudet had taken the first suggestion of his famous books. The real Tartarin, according to this account, was named Jean Pittalouga, and was born in the island of Saint-Pierre, off Sardinia. Made prisoner and reduced to slavery by the pirates that infested the Mediterranean, he was ransomed by the Fathers of the Order of the Trinity, who had vowed themselves to the ransom of slaves. He was then twenty-two years of age. They took him to Tarascon, where they kept him to manage their property. He was of a jovial nature, and his taste for hunting and adventure soon made him popular among the people of the city. As he had been bought by the Order in the domain of Sidi-Mouley-Mohamed-Abdallah, Emperor of Morocco, which was a part of that part of Africa generally known as Barbary, the Tarasconnais jokingly called him Sidi-Barbari, which soon became just Barbarin. Barbarin on several occasions accompanied the Trinity Fathers on their voyages in Africa, and often hunted the great beasts of the desert. From one of these journeys he never returned, and it was always supposed that the intrepid hunter had met death in conflict with a lion.

❧

Mr. Kipling.

Mr. Kipling recently told a friend that he had faced the camera for the last time. He had had enough, he said, he was tired, and, by Mulvaney, Ortheris and Leroyd, he would never have another photograph taken. Speaking of Mr. Kipling, we hope that the publishers of his complete works will find a way to include his letter to Mr. Filson Young on "Motoring," from which we quoted last month. From beginning to end this letter is Kipling at his very best.

❧

"The Golden Bowl."

The latest novel of Mr. Henry James has stimulated some excellent reviews, and if they have a somewhat familiar sound it is because the book itself bears so close a resemblance to some of its predecessors. As to his mannerisms, they are by this time perfectly known to persons who have never looked inside his volumes. Excerpts in proof of subtlety are abundant, and the intricacy of his style has been amply illustrated. All his little ways have been pointed out to us, mainly by those whom they exasperate. Except for the story, never of any importance in his books, he has not swerved a hair's breadth from the route he took in *The Wings of a Dove*. He continues, as one reviewer has said, to bestow on

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all his characters his own form of speech down to the disposal of the adverb. All are little faithful copies of their author, madly absorbed in introspection even in the crises of their lives. As another reviewer, Mr. W. H. Boynton, has noted, "They are mainly pleased with themselves as 'cases.' In the midst of their intrigue, at a moment sufficiently grave, one might think, the Prince and Charlotte are to be found dwelling fondly on the abstract merits of the situation." He illustrates by the following passage:

"Well, the Prince candidly allowed she did bring it home to him. Every way it worked out. 'Yes, I see, we hang essentially together.'

"His friend had a shrug—a shrug that had a grace. 'Cosa volete?' The effect, beautifully, nobly, was more than Roman. 'Ah, beyond doubt, it's a case.'

"He stood looking at her. 'It's a case. There can't,' he said, 'have been many.'

" 'Perhaps, never, never any other. That,' she smiled, 'I confess I should like to think. Only ours.' "

But his mannerisms and what the reviewers call his "subtlety" do not account for the lack of contrast and variety in his characters. That follows rather from his method and his range of interest. There are one or two simple characters even here, and he would like to have them seem so, but by describing little thought processes that other people take for granted he gives the impression of difficulty. Seeing him so busy, we infer that there is a lot to do, and we often credit him with going in deep, merely because he takes so long to extricate himself. Flattened like a wood-tick against the tissues of a tinker he can tell us very little about the tinker's general architecture. He is interested in mental processes that are common to all kinds of minds. If the simplest of us could keep an accurate thought diary for half an hour it would be a fearful and intricate narrative.

❦

Mr. James throws insignificant half hours and insignificant people out of perspective by these minutiæ. His characters look alike because they are pulverised, and one hour in their lives seems as good as another. It is not subtlety, for instance, that requires an elaborate discussion to express the emotions of an eligible millionaire on being interrupted in a billiard-room on Sunday morning by a visit from a woman.

"Mrs. Rance at least controlled practically each other license of the present and the near future; the license to stop remembering, for a little, that, though if proposed to —and not only by this aspirant but by any other—he wouldn't prove foolish, the proof of wisdom was none the less, in such a fashion, rather cruelly conditioned; the license in especial to proceed from his letters to his journals and insulate, orientate, himself afresh by the sound, over his gained interval, of the many-mouthed monster, the exercise of whose lungs he so constantly stimulated. Mrs. Rance remained with him till the others came back from church, and it was by that time clearer than ever that his ordeal, when it should arrive, would be really most unpleasant. His impression —this was the point—took somehow the form not so much of her wanting to press home her own advantage as of her building better than she knew; that is of her symbolising, with virtual unconsciousness, his own special deficiency, his unfortunate lack of a wife to whom applications could be referred."

The meaning of the passage is clear enough from the context, but it reads like an awkward first draught, a dragnet of material. Fully half of *The Golden Bowl* consists of notes which he ought in conscience to have destroyed, and of details the bare mention of which misleads by a sense of their importance.

❦

Mr. Barrie's Polite Telegram.

Not long ago one Orlando Day, a fourth-rate actor in London, who had never been able to secure a part much beyond the range of a mere supernumerary, was called, in a sudden emergency, to supply the place of Mr. Allen Ainsworth at the Criterion Theatre for a single night. The call filled him with joy. Here was a chance to show the public how great a histrionic genius had remained unknown for lack of an opportunity. But his joy was suddenly dampened by the dreadful thought that, as the play was already in the midst of its run,

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none of the dramatic critics might be there to watch his triumph. A bright thought struck him. He would announce the event. Rushing to a telegraph office, he composed the following telegram, frugally confining the message within the regulation ten words:

"Orlando Day presents Allen Ainsworth's part to-night at the Criterion."

This message he sent to one of the leading critics. Then it occurred to him, "Why not tell them all?" And so, as telegrams are cheap in England, he repeated the message to a dozen or more important persons. At a late hour of the same day, in the Garrick Club, a lounging gentleman produced one of the telegrams, and read it to a group of friends. A chorus of exclamations followed the reading: "Why *I* got precisely the same message!" "And so did I." "And I, too." "*Who* is Orlando Day?" "What beastly cheek!" "Did the ass fancy that one would pay any attention to his wire?"

Mr. J. M. Barrie, who was present, was the only one who said nothing.

"Didn't he wire you, too?" asked one of the group.

"Oh, yes."

"But of course you didn't answer."

"Oh, but it was only polite to send an answer after he had taken the trouble to wire me. So, of course, I answered him."

"You did! What did you say?"

"Oh, I just telegraphed him:

"'Thanks for timely warning.'"

❧

Editorial Malversation.

The worst typographical blunder in recent journalism occurred in a newspaper which is noted for its extreme severity toward others in misfortune. On the afternoon of December 2d, readers of the New York *Evening Post*—impatient readers who could not wait for the second edition—turned as usual to the editorial page, and settled themselves down to what promised to be a column and a half of carefully sustained political sarcasm. "Taxing Patriotism" was the title, and the first two paragraphs were in the familiar vein of solemn irony and large rebuke, with here and there a pleasantry of uncommon weight and thickness—a style of some momentum, as readers know, not to be lightly turned aside or checked abruptly. But in the next sentence away went patriotism and taxes, and the Junius manner, and the signs of the times, and the envenomed shaft, and the allusions to Burke, Pitt, Fox, Grattan, Talleyrand—everything, in fact, that the reader felt he had a right to expect. Starting at that point with the frivolous and irrelevant remark that "At times the aged foundress deprecated this duty," not a word having as yet been said either about a foundress or about a duty, the discussion henceforth turned exclusively upon the relations of Dorothy Wadham to the Oxford College, which she founded under the terms of her husband's will. To be sure this was corrected in the next edition, where the interrupted statesman was permitted to resume, the literary person being restored to his proper column. Note too was probably taken of the puzzling statement in the same sheet that there are "geer-gardens in Rixdorf." Had this occurred in any other publication we might let it pass without remark, but we feel it our duty to adopt the tone sometimes assumed by that newspaper in its review columns toward any error however slight, in any book however big, on any subject however complex or multifarious.

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It is not an easy manner to maintain, knowing what we do of our common frailty, but we can at least try for it: No doubt, let us bitterly begin, the editors and publishers of the New York *Evening Post* will try to shift the blame for the inexcusable blunders in their issue of December 2d upon that convenient scapegoat, the proofreader. No doubt the guileless reader, whose mind has been dislocated and perhaps permanently impaired by fatuous paragraphs about "geer-gardens" and wild miscellanies that jumble together the taxing policy of the present government and the letters of an old woman two centuries dead, will be deceived by this attempt to escape responsibility (forsooth!). But thoughtful persons will place the blame where it belongs. No one can trust the accuracy or honesty of any portion of a publication which, upon the most casual perusal reveals such glaring evidences of cheapness, haste, confusion, ambiguity and ig-

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norance. Not only does it bring discredit upon the present edition and all concerned in it, including contributors, reporters and advertisers, but it destroys all confidence in all previous editions and any that may henceforth appear. One trembles to think what would be the result of a detailed examination when errors like this are found in the cursory reading of a single page. It is to be hoped that—but here we stop, not in compassion for the *Evening Post,* but in mercy to our readers.

Australian Bounce.

"The object of existence on this earth," says Mr. A. G. Stephens, the Australian author of *The Red Pagan,* "is to have a good time," and "the only human way of having a good time is to get emotions, impressions, sensations—the most and most varied and most intense sensations that your brain can give." Accordingly he has bestirred himself in this volume to get them, and if there is a single page of it that does not electrify, it is not his fault. All contemporary writers seem phlegmatic by comparison. No "conformity with bourgeois conceptions" for him. He makes it his business to ascertain what a bourgeois conception is only that he may take a flying leap from it. "The *outré,*" he says, "is not necessarily better, but let us worship the *outré* rather than the obvious." Hence whatever be the reader's opinion of the book, he will surely admit that he never saw the like of it before. It tosses philosophic systems about like bean-bags, "hits off" each classic writer in a phrase, careless but final, is on easy, joking terms with all the sciences, explains woman, silences history, sums up all things and everybody,—the human race, genius, Annie Besant, the fathers of the church. Not to quote from it would be a sin.

"Life is a disease of the universe and man an evanescent pustule. Genius is a disease of the pustule.

* * * * *

"Art is nature raised to the *manth* power; and the course of evolution is from the geocentric real to the androcentric ideal.

* * * * *

"True art is always a little out of plumb. A woman puts the doormat exactly parallel with the doorstep; a man kicks it artistically aside.

* * * * *

"These modern Scots are all alike. They have heat without flame; the True Romance lurks in their hearts but never issues from their lips. They clothe Revolt in Sabbath breeks, remaining both Radical and Respectable. They are too sane to be imaginative, too fanciful to be stupid. They woo the Muse with the uncompromising earnestness of the Shorter Catechism.

* * * * *

"[Burns] less a poet than a forcible writer attuned to poetry.

* * * * *

"Sex is an evolutionary detail. The woman gives Life extension, not intensity—makes for perpetuity, not progress. It is true that many men walk our streets clutching a stick—a movable tree-bough—a reminiscence of the ape-ancestor; but many more women carry parasols—nearly every woman is uneasy without something in her hands—some holdfast in case she drop from the hereditary branch. And the man in the street straightens his spine; the woman stoops more—she has been more recently erected from all fours. Sitting is a concession to the quadruped in both sexes; but woman is the sedentary sex. And woman, the wilder animal, holds more of the wild animal's vitality; she lives longer than man, so that in compensation for standing up last she lies down last."

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TWENTY YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC

By Harry Thurston Peck.

Part I.—THE RETURN OF THE DEMOCRACY

On the fourth day of March, 1885, Grover Cleveland of New York took the oath prescribed by the Constitution and became, in doing so, the twenty-second President of the United States. As he paused for a moment, after pronouncing the solemn words, and looked out over the multitude which filled the vast expanse before the Capitol, he must have felt, unimaginative though he was, a thrill of irrepressible emotion. Three years before, his name had been unknown beyond the limits of the provincial city where he lived. Now, the tumultuous cheers, that drowned even the thunder of saluting cannon, acclaimed him as the elected ruler of the mightiest republic upon earth. He had accomplished the impossible. He had succeeded where men of large experience and wide renown had ignominiously failed. He had led to victory a political party which seemed to have incurred the fate of perpetual banishment from power. And, in achieving this, he, a country lawyer with no especial knowledge of statecraft or of national policies, had defeated the most brilliant, the most resourceful, and the most passionately loved of all American party leaders.

Washington had never before seen so great a concourse assembled to witness the inauguration of a President. More than half a million people had poured into the city during the preceding week. They came from every State and Territory of the Union, eager to share in celebrating the return of the Democratic Party, at last again triumphant. The military display was in itself a splendid spectacle. Not since the great reviews which marked the end of the Civil War had so many marching regiments swung down the noble boulevard which leads from the White House to the Capitol. Every arm of the regular establishment was represented,—cavalry, infantry, artillery, and engineers,—with detachments of blue-jackets and marines. A whole division of the National Guard of Pennsylvania was in line. A body of Southern soldiers, headed by General Fitz Hugh Lee, and with the famous Fifth Maryland in the van was there. Contingents from New York and Rhode Island in the East, and from Missouri in the West, marched close behind the regulars. There were also six companies of coloured troops, whose fine appearance called forth hearty and prolonged applause. The civic organisations were still more numerous; and political clubs, in picturesque regalia and often in striking costume, completed the long line which later passed in review before the President to the music of a hundred military bands. The day was redolent of spring; and as the stream of bayonets flashed in the sunshine and the flags unfurled their folds in the soft west wind, the sight was inspiring in its animation and movement and vivid colour. Yet the crowds which lined the avenue were no less interesting in the variety of types which they exhibited. It was a different crowd from that which Washington had been wont to see at the inauguration of Republican presidents. The men of the South were far more numerous, and there were many there who had long been strangers to the capital city. For them it was the dawning of a new era, and their mingled faith and triumph were almost touching to behold. There were, besides, not a few gaunt figures of an old-time quaintness, intense and half fanatical partisans from remote

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localities, displaying with a sort of pride the long white beards which they had long ago vowed never to shave until a Democratic President should be inaugurated. A feeling of eager expectancy, of pleasurable excitement and frank exultation swayed the entire multitude, and even those who owed allegiance to the defeated party could not wholly resist the spell. It was, for the moment, an apotheosis of the Democracy.

When the new President entered the carriage which was to convey him to his official home, few gave any thought to a gentleman who had stood quietly beside him throughout the simple ceremonial, and who now took friendly leave of him with a cordial clasp of the hand and a word or two of congratulation and good will. It was the familiar little scene that has been so frequently enacted in our country—when one who, for a few short years, has been the ruler of a nation and the peer of monarchs, goes back, at the stroke of the clock, into the obscurity of private citizenship, unheeded and unheralded amid the strident din that welcomes his successor. There is always something half pathetic in this sudden transformation, yet it is impressive too; for it symbolises the American reverence for law. Ex-President Arthur, though unnoticed at the moment when he quietly slipped away from Washington, carried with him into private life the respect and confidence of all his countrymen, for he had governed well and wisely. Yet no President had ever entered into office under circumstances of such perplexity and personal embarrassment. Mr. Arthur had been nominated for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with General Garfield, in the hasty, almost reckless, fashion of our national conventions. He was chosen not because he was thought to be peculiarly fitted for the honour, but simply, as the politicians' slang expresses it, to "placate" the Stalwart or Conkling wing of the Republican Party, which had fought bitterly to secure the selection of General Grant and which resented fiercely the nomination of General Garfield.

At that time the country knew very little of Mr. Arthur, and what it did know was not wholly favourable. He was regarded as a typical New York politician, an active member of the so-called "Custom House gang," which parcelled out the local Federal appointments and dickered for the petty spoils of office. This estimate was not entirely unjust. Mr. Arthur had been by no means too fastidious in his political associations. He had kept some rather shady company while acting as the lieutenant of the aggressive Conkling, whose intimate friend he was. But Mr. Arthur had another side of which the country was not then aware. He was one who drew a very sharp line between his public and his private life. Personally he was a gentleman of cultivated tastes, a university graduate, familiar with the usages of polite society, and having an easy adaptability which made him equally at home in a lady's drawing-room, in the *fumoir* of a club, or in the noisome atmosphere of a riotous ward primary. Intellectually he was well trained and disciplined. In the years preceding the Civil War he had attained to eminence in the practice of law. He conducted to a successful issue a case which affected the validity of the Fugitive Slave Law, and he secured a decision which is still a classic in American politico-legal history. Nor was he without experience of administrative responsibility. During the war he had at different times been Inspector-General and Quartermaster-General of the State of New York, and had won high commendation for his efficiency in organising and equipping the troops with which that State met the requisitions of President Lincoln. Later, he had been Collector of the Port of New York under President Grant. But when he became Vice-President in 1881, the country at large knew him only as a local politician of no very high repute. He sided with Senator Conkling when that arrogant leader soon after declared open war on President Garfield for refusing to let the New York Senator dictate the Federal appointments in his State; and Mr. Arthur was loyal to Conkling throughout the bitter strife that followed. Then in the midst of it, the President was shot down by the crazed fanatic, Charles Guiteau, and lay for months fighting against death with splendid courage.

With the first shock of grief and horror which stirred the nation when Garfield fell, there was mingled a feeling of deep resentment. It was held that indi-

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rectly the President was a victim of the Conkling faction, whose denunciations of him had worked upon the morbid mind of his assassin. Some, in their excess of feeling, went further still. Strange rumours flew about, and sinister accusations were made in private talk. Men even cherished a wild belief that a conspiracy had planned the murder of the President. In the first excited hours it was hinted that, either with or without his knowledge, a plot had been contrived to place Mr. Arthur in the Presidency, and in this way to deliver the administration into "Stalwart" hands. Few, even then, were willing to listen to so wild a charge; yet the feeling against Mr. Arthur for a time was very bitter. The newspapers, especially in the Eastern States, spoke of him in terms of rancour. They deplored the possibility that "this pot-house politician," as they called him, might take the place of Garfield, whom popular sympathy had already idealised as a martyr. Throughout these trying months, when the country hung upon the daily bulletins from Elberon, Mr. Arthur made no sign. Just what he suffered no man knew. But his dignified reserve was never broken; and when it was hinted that he might act as President during Mr. Garfield's incapacity, he repelled the suggestion with indignant sternness. At last came the death of Garfield in October, 1881, and Mr. Arthur assumed the office that had come to him under circumstances so distressing. Before long the country came to know the man as he really was. From the very outset he was the President of no faction, of no party, but of the entire people. Firm, wise, and vigilant, his administration was one of the very best in all our history. To his former political allies he showed no favour. To his former enemies he manifested no unfairness, but stood between them and the anger of Conkling, whose vindictive spirit led him in consequence to break off all relations with the President. Garfield's appointees were retained in office. Even the request of General Grant could not secure the displacement of the Secretary of the Navy and the substitution of a Stalwart.

Many of those whom Mr. Arthur protected repaid his generosity with the blackest ingratitude. All through his administration, they and other friends of Garfield carried on an underhanded warfare against him, a warfare of pinpricks rather than of blows delivered in the open. Calling themselves "the Garfield Avengers," they tried in every way to belittle Mr. Arthur's public acts and even to discredit his private life. In this way, between the frank reproaches of his former friends and the treacherous enmity of his former foes, President Arthur's term of office afforded him no very pleasurable experience. Yet, at least, he never gave his ill-wishers the satisfaction of seeing that he winced. He was not one who wore his heart upon his sleeve, but he went on his way with an outward serenity that did honour to his strength of character. His political courage was shown in some very striking acts. Although there is no doubt that he desired a second term of office, he never flinched from what he held to be his duty, however unpopular the discharge of it might be. Thus, he vetoed the Chinese Exclusion Bill of 1882 in the face of the unanimous and excited demands of the Far Western States for its enactment into law. In the same year he vetoed a foolishly extravagant River and Harbour Bill appropriating some $19,000,000. Again, although in former years he had himself been emphatically a spoilsman, as President he advocated and secured the passage in 1883 of an act reforming the Civil Service, and establishing an effective Civil Service Commission. He did all that was possible to secure the prosecution and conviction of those corrupt officials who had systematically robbed the government through the notorious "star-route" contracts in the postal service. But his most enduring claim to honourable remembrance is found in his energetic efforts to build up an efficient navy in place of the grotesque collection of antiquated hulks on which the Grant administration had spent sums sufficient to have given the United States a modern fighting fleet. President Arthur was, in fact, the creator of the new American navy, of which the first vessels—the *Chicago,* the *Atlanta,* the *Boston,* and the *Dolphin*—were laid down while he was President.

Upon its personal and social side his Presidency was one to be long remembered. The honours of the White House

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JAMES G. BLAINE.

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were done with a graceful dignity, such as had never yet been known there. The President had lost his wife some years before; but his sister, Mrs. McElroy, an accomplished woman of great social charm, frequently presided at official functions. The diplomatic dinners were rescued from the smothered ridicule with which the foreign envoys had always viewed them, and the famous epigram of Mr. Evarts suddenly lost its point. As for the President himself, he must be regarded as the only man of the world, in the best sense of that term, who has ever occupied the White House. Jefferson might, perhaps, have been cited as another instance were it not that, during his first term, he cultivated an ostentatious boorishness, such as would have been impossible in a thoroughbred. President Arthur, however, was an ideal host to both his public and his private guests. Of handsome presence, courteous, witty, tactful, and possessing infinite *savoir faire*, he was a living refutation of the taunt which Europeans sometimes level at us, to the effect that eminence in American politics is unattainable by one who is a gentleman at heart. Mr. Arthur kept the domestic side of his *ménage* a thing entirely apart from his official life. Coarse-minded, peeping correspondents, male and female, found scant material here for vulgar paragraphs of kitchen gossip. There were published no foolish, nauseating chronicles of the "daily doings" of the White House. The President's children were not photographed and paragraphed and made the subject of a thousand flat and fatuous stories. Beyond the veil of self-respecting privacy, which was drawn before the President's personal affairs, few ever penetrated. The only tale that reached the public was one that made even the Paul Prys of the press ashamed of their own curiosity. It became known that in one of the President's private apartments there was hung the portrait of a woman, before which every morning, by Mr. Arthur's personal order, great masses of cut flowers were heaped. Here was a rarely promising hint for the greedy journalist, eager to give his next despatch from Washington a touch of *sauce piquante*. With vast ingenuity and by bringing all the resources of the press to bear, the secret was ferreted out at last, and the portrait was found to be that of the President's dead wife. It was very characteristic of the man who, to the world at large, was always the practical master of affairs with just a suggestion of the *viveur* about him, that he should in private have cherished this delicate sentiment which did him so much honour.

Perhaps it was precisely President Arthur's dignity and perfect taste that shut him out from the broader popularity which some other Presidents have enjoyed. Democracies prefer their idols to have feet of clay. Their ruler must not be too far above those whom he rules, and he must not show too markedly those finer traits which instinctively arouse the furtive suspicion and half dislike of the ignorant and unenlightened. The many-headed monster fawns only at the feet of those who flatter it by imitation, or who unconsciously partake of its uncouthness. The Orsons and Calibans of politics have an innate antipathy to a gentleman. It is not likely that even so great a man as Lincoln could have kept his powerful hold upon the masses had he not possessed some qualities which many of his truest friends deplored. His ultimate success was due, no doubt, before all else, to his sagacity, his perfect knowledge of human nature, and his infinite patience; yet much of it must surely be ascribed to the awkwardness of his appearance and the unconventionality of his manners. The Hoosiers and Suckers of the still untutored West could not rightly understand the consummate statecraft of which he was a master—his inborn genius for the task of government; but when they heard that he slapped his visitors upon the back and told indecent stories and received the ministers of foreign powers while sprawling in a wooden rocking chair, shoeless, and with his huge feet covered with blue yarn socks—then they felt that he was one of themselves, not President Lincoln, but "Good Old Abe." That which repelled a Sumner or an Adams gripped and held fast the hearts of the men of Sangamon. But Mr. Arthur had not been bred in such a school. His type was one that neither likes nor courts the familiarity of a mob's approval. He had no eccentricities, no traits that were either crude or whimsical. Nor did he ever pose or brag, or try to substitute a self-perpetuated

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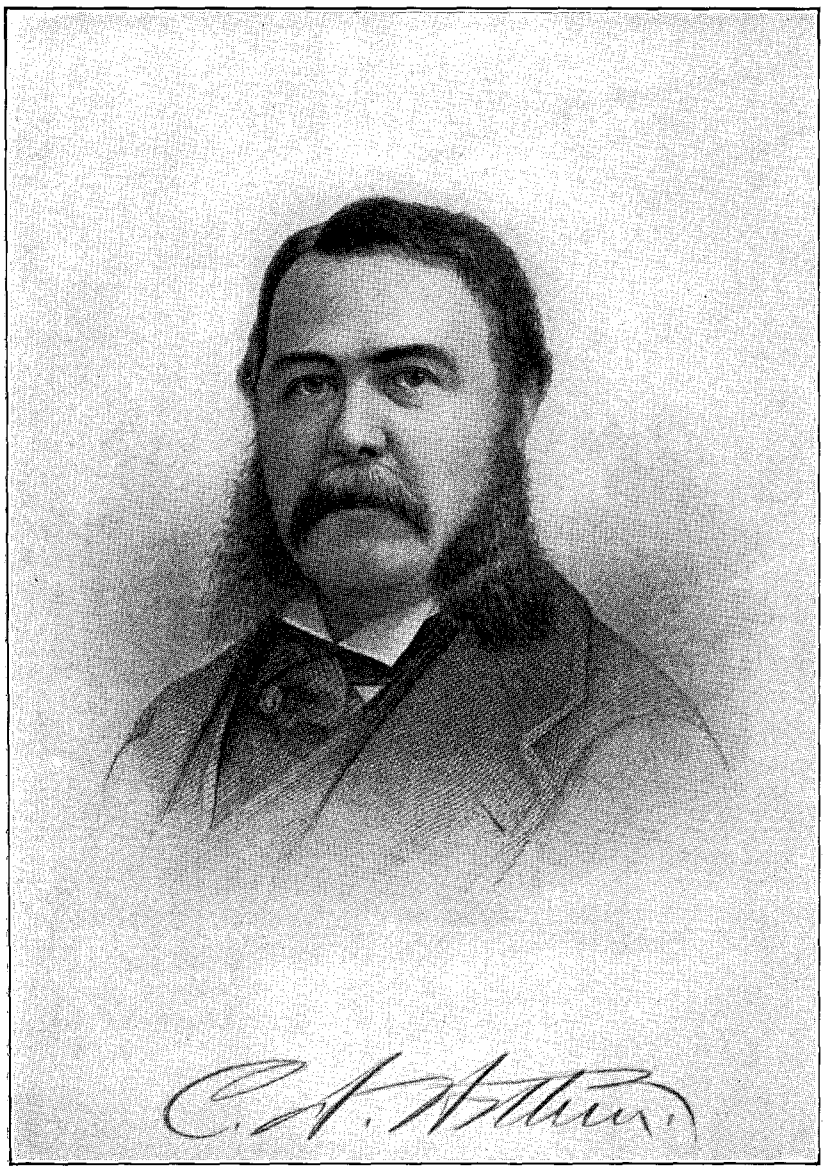
legend of physical prowess for the far rarer gift of moral courage. He was simply a dignified and courteous gentleman—*flos regum Arthurus,* as one of his admirers quoted of him. And looking back upon his brave and honourable bearing under the strain of incessant vexation and temptation, the American people have reason to be proud because the roll of their chief magistrates contains the name of Chester Alan Arthur.



PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

At the time when Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated there had been no Democratic President for a full quarter of a century. A whole generation had been born and had grown to manhood and to womankind without ever having

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lived under any but Republican rule. The result of this long continuance in power of a single party had led many citizens to identify the interests of that party with the interests of the nation. The Democrats had been so regularly beaten at the polls that Republicans had come to feel that the defeated party had no decent reason for existence, and that it was composed only of wilful obstructionists or of persons destitute of patriotism. On the other hand, the Republican Party, identified as it was with success and with so much creditable achievement, was held by them to monopolise all the political virtues of the American people. To criticise its leaders or to attack its policies seemed to many almost treasonable. To it were ascribed not only the successful conduct of a great war, the extinction of slavery and the triumph of nationalism over the particularistic spirit of secession, but also the maintenance of the country's commercial credit and of its financial honour. Partisan Republicans had come to look upon the existence of the Democratic Party as a rather sorry joke, in the face of its long record of disaster and defeat. That it could ever return to power appeared to them not only an improbable but even a ludicrous assumption.

Among the ablest of the Republican leaders, however, a much saner view prevailed. These men were acutely conscious of certain facts of which their followers were ignorant. No political phenomenon, indeed, is more remarkable than the almost even balance between the two great parties from 1860 down to 1884. The large majorities which the Republican candidates had received in the Electoral College were utterly misleading as an indication of the comparative strength of the two parties throughout the country. A glance at the popular vote in each presidential election revealed a very interesting state of things, and showed that it was the distribution of the voters, rather than their numbers, which had given the Republicans success. For example, in the election of 1860, as is well known, Mr. Lincoln, who had a clear majority of 57 electoral votes, was only a minority candidate in the popular vote; for had both wings of the Democracy been united, the ballots which they cast would have outnumbered those given to Mr. Lincoln by more than a quarter of a million. In the election of 1864, which took place at one of the most critical periods of the war, Mr. Lincoln had an electoral majority over General McClellan of 191 votes, and a popular majority of 407,000 votes; but in this election the eleven Southern States, being then outside the Union, took no part. At the election of 1868, out of a popular vote of nearly 6,000,000, General Grant, then at the very climax of his fame, received a popular majority of 305,000 votes, or almost one-quarter less than had been cast for Lincoln, while three Southern States were still not represented in the count. In 1872, Grant's first administration had caused such widespread discontent that the Liberal Republican split took place, headed by such well-known leaders as Senator Sumner, Carl Schurz, Charles Francis Adams, Horace Greeley, Chauncey M. Depew, and Whitelaw Reid. Had the Democrats at this time made good use of the opportunity afforded them, they might have gained a signal victory. A candidate such as Charles Francis Adams, of high character and proved ability, could probably have won. But the nomination of Horace Greeley led to the lamentable fiasco which continued President Grant in office by a popular majority of 762,000 votes. This proved, however, in the end to be a Pyrrhic victory. The very fulness of their triumph removed all feeling of restraint from the Republican leaders, and there followed four years of government tainted by public scandal of every description. The Secretary of War resigned to avoid impeachment for bribery. The Navy Department was honeycombed with jobbery. The revelations in connection with the Whiskey Ring startled and disgusted honest men throughout the country. The President's own relatives and intimate friends were proved to have traded on their influence with him. Mr. Colfax, the Republican Speaker of the House, several Senators and a number of Representatives were smirched by their connection with the Crédit Mobilier. Moreover, the use of Federal troops in sustaining the iniquities of "carpet-bag" government in the South had become more and more distasteful to the people of the North. The dissatisfaction

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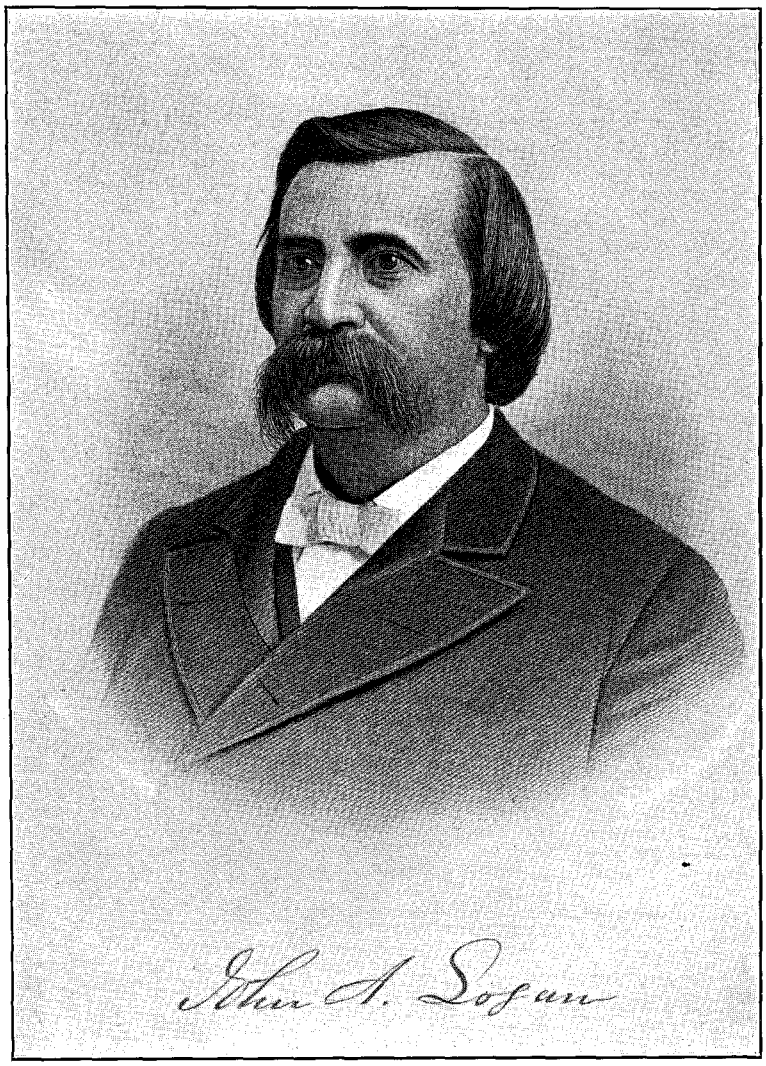
of the country over such a state of things was shown at the election of 1876, when on the face of the returns the Democratic candidate, Mr. Tilden, had a clear majority of the electoral vote. This result was disputed, and the Electoral Commission created by Congress canvassed the returns in such a way as to give the Presidency to Mr. Hayes by a majority of one vote,—185 to 184,—Mr. Tilden having a popular majority of 250,000 votes. This election seemed to the more astute Republican leaders like the handwriting on the wall, presaging an end of Republican supremacy. The administration of President Hayes, however, considerably strengthened the party to which he belonged. A man of very moderate ability, he was, nevertheless, precisely the President that the country needed at the time. Henry Ward Beecher once described his administration as "a bread poultice," and the description, though not wholly complimentary, was fairly just. Governmental scandals came to an end. Federal troops were withdrawn from the South. Party feuds were healed; and under the able management of Secretary Sherman, the Treasury resumed specie payments. Hence, at the next election—that of 1880—the Republicans were again successful, and General



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Garfield had an electoral majority of 59 votes. Yet the record of the popular vote was exceedingly significant. Nearly 9,000,000 ballots had been cast, and out of these 9,000,000 ballots Garfield's majority was only 815. The numerical difference, therefore, between the Republican and Democratic parties at this time was equal only to the population of an insignificant village. So extraordinarily even a division had never before been known. It was obvious that Republican success at the next election hung, as it were, by a very slender thread.

It was while the political scales were in this state of almost perfect equipoise that the Republican Convention met in Chicago on June 3d, 1884, to nominate its candidates for President and Vice-President respectively. President Arthur hoped for a nomination, and on the first ballot he received 278 votes; but even at the outset he was outstripped by James G. Blaine of Maine, who led with 334½ votes. This lead was steadily maintained in spite of the opposition of many distinguished Republican leaders; and on the fifth ballot Mr. Blaine received 541 votes, and was declared the nominee amid a scene of tumultuous enthusiasm. General John A. Logan of Illinois was nominated for the Vice-Presidency. The Democratic Convention, meeting at St. Louis, on July 8th, took but two ballots. In the first of these Grover Cleveland of New York led with 392 votes as against 170 which were cast for Mr. Bayard of Delaware, and on the second ballot he secured the nomination by 683 votes to 145½ which were cast for Mr. Hendricks of Indiana. As soon as Mr. Cleveland had been nominated as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Hendricks was unanimously named for the office of Vice-President.

The nomination of Mr. Blaine produced an indescribable sensation throughout the length and breadth of the United States. No American statesman ever had more ardent and intensely loyal friends than he, as none had more virulent and bitter enemies. The former hailed his candidacy with intense enthusiasm; the latter began at once moving heaven and earth to compass his defeat. Mr. Blaine already had enjoyed a remarkable career. Born in Pennsylvania of Scotch-Irish parentage, he had been by turns a teacher and an editor, having taken up in 1854 his residence in Maine. In 1858 he had entered the State Legislature, where for two years he served as Speaker. In 1862 he was sent to Congress, and at once he made his mark by his readiness in debate, his quick grasp upon political principles, and his exceptional fertility in resource. He had the impetuosity of the Celt and the clear reasoning brain of the Anglo-Saxon, besides that indescribable quality which, for want of a better name, is known as magnetism. His personal charm was indeed remarkable, and it was to this as much as to his other gifts that he owed the extraordinary devotion of his followers and friends. Early in his political life he had been compared with Henry Clay, to whose career his own was to exhibit a striking parallel. At first he was better known to his associates in Congress than to the country as a whole; but when, in 1869, he was elected Speaker of the House, he rose at once to the place of a great party leader. It was not, however, until 1876 that he reached the climax of his parliamentary fame. Early in that year, owing to the approach of the centenary of our national independence, it was felt that the time had come to hasten the growth of kindly feeling which already was slowly uniting the sections of the country which had faced each other in the Civil War. To further this end, Mr. Randall of Pennsylvania, a distinguished Democrat, introduced in the House of Representatives a bill to relieve all persons in the United States from any disability imposed by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. Mr. Blaine was at once upon his feet to offer a substitute. It excepted from this amnesty Jefferson Davis, "late President of the so-called Confederate States." After some parliamentary fencing, an exciting debate began. Mr. Blaine, fluent and impassioned, set forth his reasons for excepting Mr. Davis from the amnesty provided by the Randall bill. His words were chosen with consummate art if it was his purpose to stir again the embers of sectional strife into a blaze, and to exasperate the Southern Democrats whom he confronted on the floor.

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"In my amendment I have excepted Jefferson Davis from amnesty. I do not place his exclusion on the ground that Mr. Davis was, as he has been commonly called, the head and front of the Rebellion, because on that ground I do not think the exception would be tenable. Mr. Davis was in that respect as guilty, no more so, no less so, than thousands of others who have already received the benefit and grace of amnesty. Probably he was far less efficient as an enemy of the United States; probably he was far more useful as a disturber of the councils of the Confederacy than many who have already received amnesty. It is not because of any particular and special damage that he above others did to the Union, or because he was personally or especially of consequence, that I except him. But I except him on this ground: that he was the author, knowingly, deliberately, guiltily, and wilfully, of the gigantic murders and crimes at Andersonville."

Mr. Blaine then proceeded to describe in vivid language the sufferings of the Union soldiers confined in the prison-pen at Andersonville. He dwelt with all the power of a born orator upon the horrors of that loathsome place. He pictured the miseries of starvation and disease, the insults and ingenious cruelty of the jailer Wirz, and he stirred the indignation of his Northern hearers by painting the dreadful man-hunts in which savage bloodhounds had been set upon the track of escaping prisoners. He excepted from his condemnation the people of the South, and directly charged the crimes of Andersonville upon Jefferson Davis.

"The poor victim, Wirz, deserved his death for brutal treatment and murder of many victims; but it was a weak policy on the part of our government to allow Jefferson Davis to go at large and hang Wirz. Wirz was nothing in the world but a mere subordinate, and there was no special reason for singling him out for death. I do not say he did not deserve it. He deserved no mercy; but his execution seemed like skipping over the president, superintendent, and board of directors in the case of a great railroad accident and hanging the brakeman of the rear car. . . .

"It is often said that we shall lift Mr. Davis again into great consequence by refusing him amnesty. That is not for me to consider. I only see before me, when his name is presented, a man who, by a wave of his hand, by a nod of his head, could have put an end to the atrocious cruelties at Andersonville. Some of us had kinsmen there, most of us had friends there, all of us had countrymen there. In the name of those kinsmen, friends, and countrymen, I here protest, and shall with my vote protest, against calling back and crowning with the honours of full American citizenship the man who organised that murder."

Mr. Hill of Georgia replied to Mr. Blaine in a very able, temperate, and (as we read it over now) convincing speech, so far as the complicity of Mr. Davis was concerned; but he and his associates from the South made the serious tactical mistake of charging that Confederate prisoners had been ill-treated in the North. This gave Mr. Blaine another chance; and, amid a scene of indescribable excitement, he returned to the attack, as brilliant and even more exasperating than before. The debate continued for several days, during which the House at times became a bear-garden. But through all the tumult Mr. Blaine was the one conspicuous figure. The whole country was stirred as it had not been in many years. The passions of the war revived and flamed up as fiercely as in the early sixties. The name of "Blaine of Maine" was in all men's mouths, and the North gloried in his victory, which was the victory of a partisan, but which was, nevertheless, magnificent. The feeling of his admirers was well expressed a few months later by Colonel Robert Ingersoll, who with florid yet effective eloquence paid this tribute to his leader:

"Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen forehead of every traitor to his country."

From the moment of this spectacular exhibition, Mr. Blaine was an inevitable candidate for the Presidency. But the fierce white light which beats upon a throne is no more fierce than that which beats upon a presidential aspirant. It was turned at once upon Mr. Blaine's whole past career. Every incident and every act of his were now subjected to minute investigation by his enemies and rivals. It was not long before a cloud was cast upon his personal integrity. Like a dank mist which rises at nightfall over marshy ground, there rose a strange

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impalpable belief that in his public life he had not had a due regard for his own honour. Beginning with mere hints and ending with public accusations, a dozen stories grew until they filled the thoughts of every one about him. It was said that Mr. Blaine had pledged a number of worthless railroad bonds to the Union Pacific Railway Company in return for a loan of $64,000 which had never been repaid. It was also charged that without consideration he had received bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad. Still another rumour said that while Speaker of the House he had left the chair and asked one of the members to make a point of order which would be sustained, and which would be favourable to a railway company in which Mr. Blaine was interested. Among a very few it began to be whispered confidentially that there existed letters written by Mr. Blaine to a business associate which, if found, would prove that the ex-Speaker had had corrupt transactions with the Northern Pacific Company. These reports obtained such widespread currency that Mr. Blaine was forced to rise in his place and bring the matter to the attention of the House. He read a letter from the treasurer of the Union Pacific and from Colonel Thomas A. Scott, the president of that railway, denying the story of the worthless bonds. He read another letter from Morton, Bliss and Company, who were alleged to have cashed the draft for $64,000, mentioned in the story, but who now declared that no such draft had been presented to them. Mr. Blaine went on to say that he had never owned the Little Rock and Fort Smith bonds which he was said to have received without any consideration. Apparently his name was cleared. He was, of course, extremely anxious to avoid investigation at the hands of Congress. The time for the National Republican Convention was drawing near. Many States had already instructed their delegates to support his candidacy. That he should be the subject of an investigation for corrupt transactions while his name was before the Convention would be fatal to his chances; and he desired above all things to stave it off. Nevertheless, the House, which was strongly Democratic, ordered its Judiciary Committee to make such an investigation, though in the resolution ordering it, Mr. Blaine was not specifically named. This was on May 2d, and at the first sessions of the Committee the evidence was corroborative of Mr. Blaine's assertions. On May 31st, however, a very curious incident occurred. There was brought before the Committee a man named James Mulligan. Mulligan had at one time been a clerk for Mr. Jacob Stanwood, a brother of Mrs. Blaine, and later a bookkeeper for Warren Fisher, a business man of Boston, who had close relations with the management of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad. While Mr. Mulligan was testifying, he chanced to mention very quietly that he had in his possession certain letters written by Mr. Blaine to Warren Fisher, Jr. At once it was observed that Mr. Blaine grew pale and gave every evidence of great excitement. A moment later, in a whisper, he asked a friend on the Committee to move an immediate adjournment. The gentleman in question did so on the plea of illness, and the Committee rose, to meet again the following morning. When it so met it listened to a most extraordinary story.

During the brief respite given by the adjournment of the Committee, Mr. Blaine had flashed his mind over all the possibilities of the situation. He knew that Mulligan had letters which, if made public by Mulligan himself, would be interpreted by everyone in a sense extremely unfavourable to Mr. Blaine. He knew that these letters would surely be asked for by the Committee so soon as it should reconvene in the morning. To prevent this and to gain time he must act at once. He therefore went to the Riggs House, where Mulligan was staying, and met Mulligan, Fisher and one Atkins in a private room. There he first asked to see the letters which Mulligan had with him. When this request was refused, he pleaded with all the earnestness of a man whose future was at stake, that the letters might not be given to the Committee. Mulligan declined to surrender them. He said that he had no wish to injure Mr. Blaine, but that he must keep the letters in order to protect himself in case his testimony were impeached. Mr. Blaine asked to read the letters, promising on his word of honour to return them after reading. Mulligan then handed the

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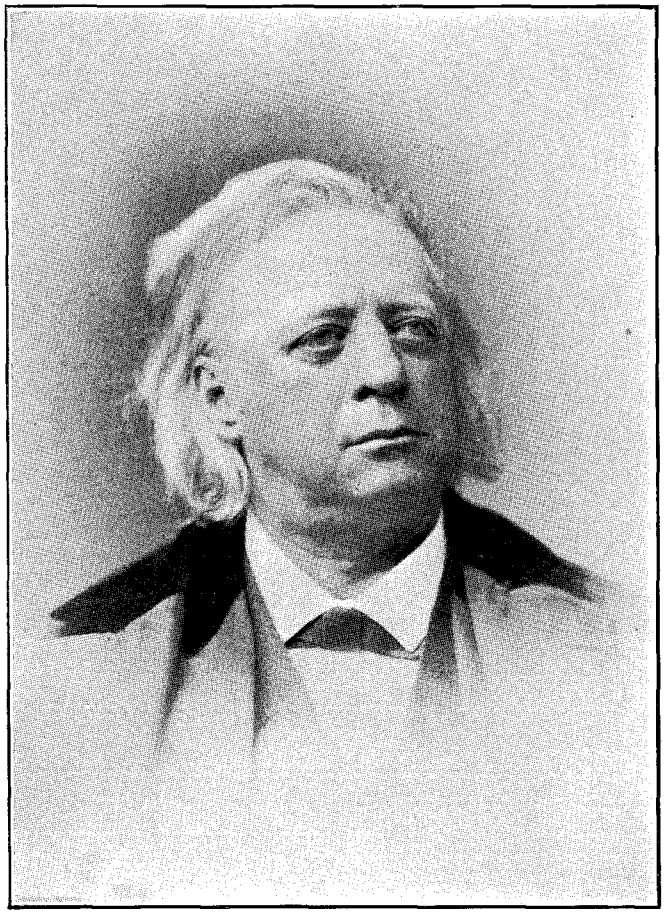
letters to Mr. Blaine, who read them very carefully, put them into his pocket and carried them away with him.

Such was the story which Mulligan under oath told to the Committee when it met on the following morning. Meanwhile, Mr. Blaine had got advice from eminent counsel (Senator Matthew H. Carpenter and Judge Jeremiah Black), to the effect that he was not bound to return the letters. He therefore refused to do so at the request of the Committee, and the matter for the moment rested there. The case, however, looked very black for Mr. Blaine. He had possession of the letters, to be sure, yet his conduct was everywhere interpreted as giving evidence of guilt. Great excitement prevailed throughout the country, and the friends of Mr. Blaine were everywhere dismayed. It soon appeared, however, that what he had done was only part of a well-conceived plan which did credit to his resourcefulness and audacity. On June 5th, Mr. Blaine rose in the House and claimed the floor on a question of privilege. He at once proceeded to recite the events which had led up to the incident just narrated, and then, referring to Mulligan, he spoke as follows:



HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"This man had selected, out of correspondence running over a great many years, letters which he thought would be peculiarly damaging to me. He came here loaded with them. He came here for a sensation. He came here primed. He came here on that particular errand. I was advised of it, and I obtained those letters under circumstances which have been notoriously scattered throughout the United States and are known to every-

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ROSCOE CONKLING.

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body. . . . I claim I have the entire right to those letters, not only by natural right, but upon all the precedents and principles of law, as the man who held those letters in possession held them wrongfully. The Committee that attempted to take those letters from that man for use against me proceeded wrongfully. They proceeded in all boldness to a most defiant violation of the ordinary private and personal rights which belong to every American citizen. . . . Then there went forth everywhere the idea and impression that because I would not permit that man, or any man whom I could prevent, from holding as a menace over my head my private correspondence, there must be something in it most deadly and destructive to my reputation. . . . Now, Mr. Speaker, I say that I have defied the power of the House to compel me to produce those letters. I speak with all respect to this House. I know its powers and I trust that I respect them. But I say this House has no more power to order what shall be done or not done with my private correspondence than it has with what I shall do in the nurture and education of my children—not a particle. The right is as sacred in the one case as it is in the other. . . . I am ready for any extremity of contest or conflict in behalf of so sacred a right."

Throughout this animated and almost fiery justification of his right, the packed House had listened in breathless silence, and with a tension of feeling which could almost be felt. There was abundant sympathy with Mr. Blaine. Even his adversaries were sorry for him. He seemed like a man driven into a corner and fighting for his very life. Yet the suppression of the letters looked only the more utterly damning. But at this moment, after a brief pause, Mr. Blaine dealt a master-stroke which he had planned with consummate art, and which he now delivered with a dramatic power that was thrilling. Raising his voice and holding up a package, he went on:

"And while I am so, I am not afraid to show the letters. Thank God Almighty, I am not afraid to show them! There they are. There is the very original package. And, with some sense of humiliation, with a mortification that I do not pretend to conceal, with a sense of outrage which I think any man in my position would feel, I invite the confidence of forty-four millions of my countrymen while I read those letters from this desk."

The tension was broken. The whole assembly broke out into frantic and prolonged applause. Then Mr. Blaine read the letters, one by one, with comments and explanations of his own. Having done so, he faced one of the Democratic members of the Committee, Mr. Proctor Knott, and in the course of a rapid dialogue brought out the fact that Mr. Knott had received a cablegram from a Mr. Caldwell, whose knowledge of the whole affair was very intimate, and that Mr. Knott had apparently suppressed it. The scene at the end of this exciting parliamentary duel baffled all description. The House went mad; and for fifteen minutes there reigned a pandemonium amid which the Speaker was helpless in his efforts to restore even a semblance of order. Mr. Blaine, for the moment, had won a brilliant triumph. He had restored and strengthened the faith of all his followers and had turned ruin into victory.

He had not, however, laid the ghost of the railway scandals. Reading over the so-called Mulligan letters in cold type, a great number of Mr. Blaine's own party associates found in them evidence, if not of actual corruption, at least of so blunted a sense of official propriety as to make Mr. Blaine no longer seem a fitting candidate for the highest office in the land. From that time he had to face not only the opposition of the Democratic Party, but the mistrust of thousands of Republicans, among whom were men of the highest character and influence.

The Mulligan letters showed that Mr. Blaine, in the years when they were written, had been suffering from what he called "very pressing and painful" pecuniary embarrassment. Writing to Mr. Fisher, he described himself as "left helpless and hopeless," and as "crippled and deranged in all my finances." A complicated series of financial transactions stood revealed, and also a willingness on the part of Mr. Blaine to secure special consideration on the ground of his influence as an officer of the government. The following letters are the two which were afterwards most often quoted. The first is dated June 29th, 1869.

"My Dear Mr. Fisher: Your offer to admit

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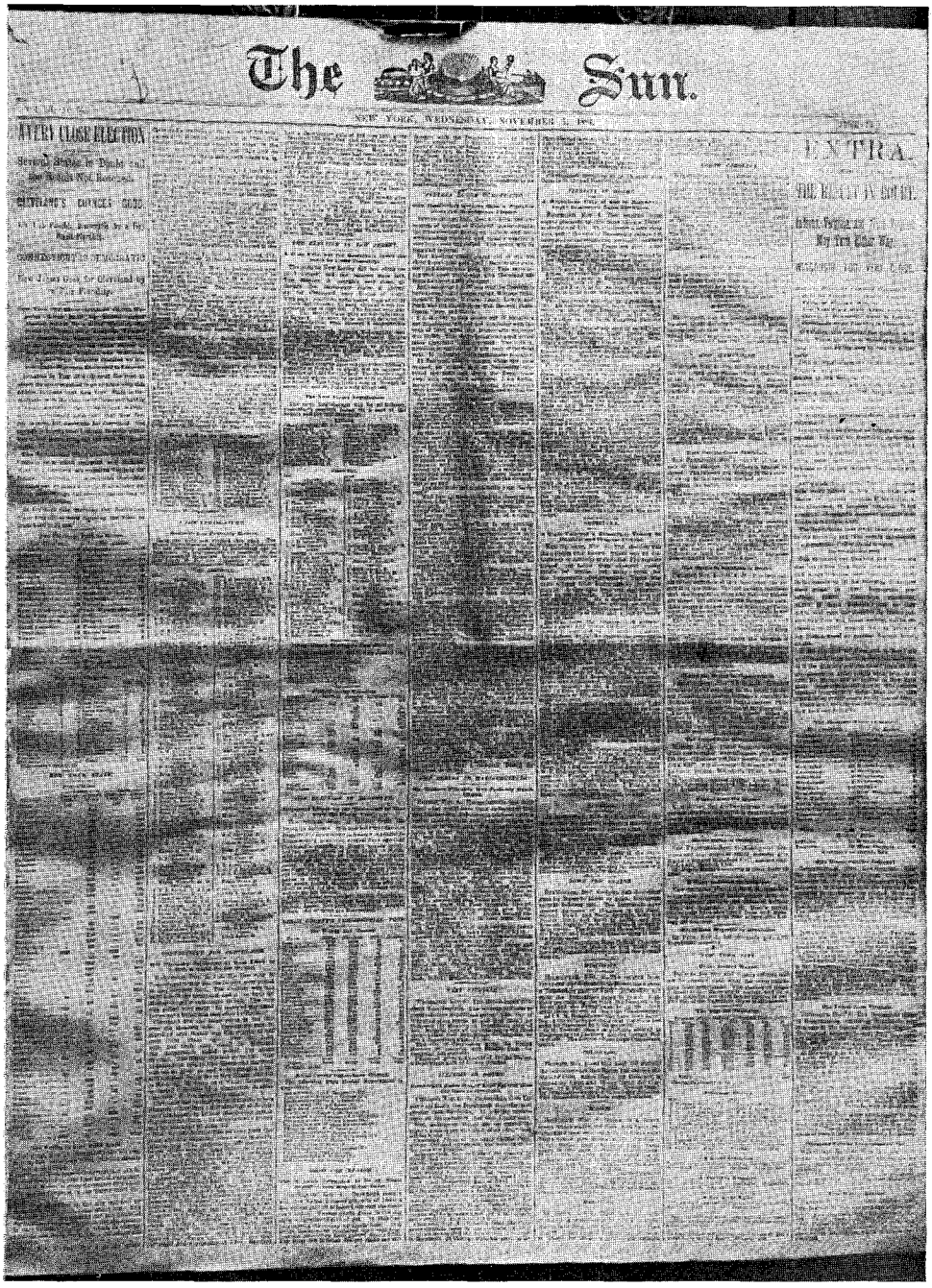
The Sun.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1884.

EXTRA.

THE NEW YORK "SUN" THE MORNING AFTER ELECTION DAY, 1884, PRACTICALLY CONCEDING CLEVELAND'S ELECTION.

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New-York Tribune.

VOL. XLIV....No. 13,870. NEW-YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1884. PRICE THREE CENTS.

EXTRA.

6:30 A. M.

For Latest Election News see Second Page.

HOPEFUL FOR BLAINE!

LEADING CLEVELAND AND GAINING.

NINETY-TWO VOTES IN DOUBT.

The returns from the several States come in slowly, partly because of the bad weather, and the result on the President is in doubt at the hour of going to press. Blaine apparently has 168 electoral votes certain and Cleveland 141. Eight States, casting 103 electoral votes, are in doubt or have not been heard from.

The latest returns from New-York indicate a Republican majority of 5,000 or less. In New-York City the Democratic plurality is over 42,000 and in Kings over 15,000. The Republicans make gains in Albany, Chemung, and Monroe Counties. The delegation in Congress seems to be evenly divided, each party having 17 members. The Assembly is Republican by about 28 majority.

Wisconsin is Republican by 15,000 plurality. Although no campaign work has been done since the September election, Blaine's plurality in Maine is about 30,000.

Ohio gives from 25,000 to 30,000 for Blaine. Negroes were intimidated in Cincinnati by an organized mob, and there was some fighting among the Democrats. Two men were killed during the fighting.

Indiana is claimed by both parties on very meagre returns.

The Republican plurality in Massachusetts is estimated at 10,000.

Blaine's plurality in Pennsylvania is estimated at 55,000, his plurality in Philadelphia being 25,000. The Republicans made large gains in the rural districts.

New-Hampshire gives Blaine 3,000 plurality, and elects two Republican Congressmen.

In Missouri the Democratic plurality of 55,000 four years ago is cut down to about 35,000.

Virginia is in doubt and is claimed by both parties. The Republican gains are large.

NEW-YORK FOR BLAINE.

HIS PLURALITY ABOUT 5,000.

REPUBLICAN GAINS ON CONGRESSMEN AND THE ASSEMBLY.

In this State yesterday, with the exception of the purely local tickets, the contest was confined to Presidential Electors, Congressmen and Assemblymen. Two Judges of the Court of Appeals were also voted for, but there was no contest, since Republicans and Democrats united in supporting Judges Andrews, of Onondaga (Republican) and Rapallo, of New-York (Democrat), who were renominated without opposition.

Returns received thus far leave the State in doubt. This city, which gave Hancock 41,285 majority in 1880, will give Cleveland about 42,000 plurality; while Kings County, which gave Hancock 9,311 majority, will give Cleveland about 15,000 plurality. The Republicans make large gains in the interior. Monroe, which gave Garfield 3,300 majority, will give Blaine about 5,000. Chemung, the county in which Lieutenant-Governor Hill lives, shows a Republican gain of 600. Mr. Blaine carries Cleveland's own ward in Buffalo by 220. The Democratic majority in Albany County—a Democratic stronghold and the home of the chairman of the Democratic State Committee—is reduced from 3,080 in 1880 to from 1,200 to 1,500.

Cleveland carried Erie County when he ran for Governor by a plurality of over 6,000. Blaine now carries it by a plurality of over 2,000.

On the other hand, returns from Erie, Chenango, Washington, Dutchess, Herkimer and Oneida show some substantial Democratic gains.

The latest returns indicate the election of Mr. Blaine by 5,000 or less.

The Prohibition party cast a large vote in several of the counties, but the Butler vote was uniformly light.

The New-York delegation in the present Congress stands Republicans, 13; Democrats, 21. It appears from our latest returns this morning that in the XLIXth Congress the New-York delegation will stand Republicans, 17; Democrats, 17; a Republican gain of 4. The gains are in the XVIIth, XXth, XXXth and XXXIId districts. It is not improbable that the Republicans have also gained the XIXth, the Albany district, which sent a Democrat to Washington two years ago by a plurality of over 4,000.

The present Assembly stands Republicans, 70; Democrats, 58. Our figures for the Assembly of 1885 are: Republicans, 78; Democrats, 50. The Senate, which holds over, stands: Republicans, 19; Democrats, 13. The next Legislature elects a United States Senator in place of Mr. Lapham, whose term of office expires in March, and it appears from the foregoing statement that the Republicans will have a majority of 31 on the joint ballot.

THE RESULTS IN THIS CITY.

CLEVELAND'S PLURALITY A LITTLE LARGER THAN HANCOCK'S.

In spite of the tremendous efforts made by the supporters of Cleveland to roll up a great vote for him in this city, his plurality here was only 1,494 larger than that of Hancock over Garfield. Blaine polled a large vote in many of the down-town districts, being well supported by Irish American voters and by workingmen generally. But in the VIIth and XIth Districts his vote fell short of expectation.

There was unusual delay in counting the returns, an immense number of "pasters" and scratched tickets being used in balloting for the local candidates. Frederick S. Gibbs did not receive the hearty support from the party in some districts which he had a right to expect. The exact vote on the Mayoralty and other local offices was not known when this edition of THE TRIBUNE went to press, but the indications were that the following candidates were successful:

Mayor—William R. Grace, County Democracy.

The following Congressmen are elected:

VIth District—Nicholas Muller, Tammany Democrat.

VIIth District—John J. Adams, Democrat.

VIIIth District—Samuel S. Cox, Tammany Democrat.

IXth District—Joseph Pulitzer, Democrat.

Xth District—Abram S. Hewitt, Democrat.

XIth District—Truman A. Merriman, County Democracy and Irving Hall, with Republican endorsement.

XIIth District—Abraham Dowdney, Democrat.

XIIIth District—Egbert L. Viele, Democrat.

VOTE FOR PRESIDENT IN NEW-YORK CITY.

ASSEMBLYMEN ELECTED IN THIS CITY.

THE RESULT IN BROOKLYN.

CLEVELAND'S PLURALITY 14,950.

VOTE FOR PRESIDENT IN BROOKLYN.

Continued on Fifth Page.

THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE" THE MORNING AFTER ELECTION DAY, 1884, CLAIMING A BLAINE VICTORY.

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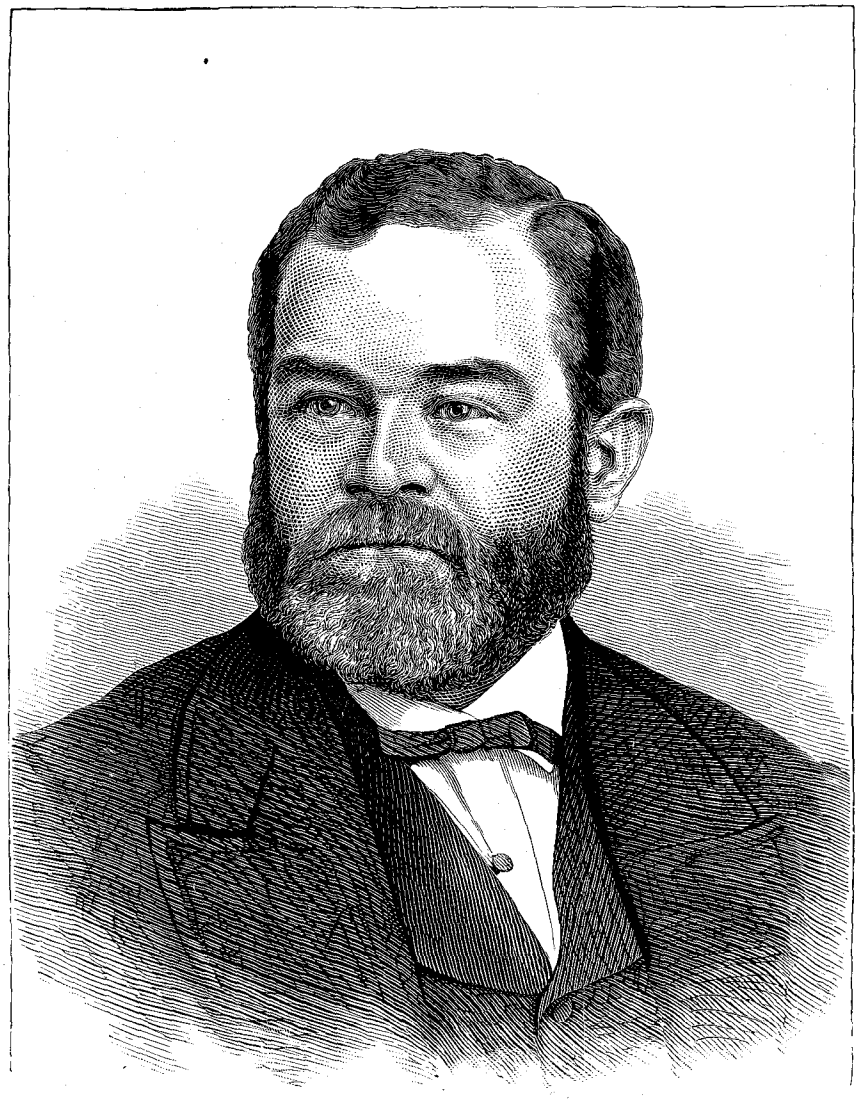

JOHN KELLY.

From *Harper's Weekly*—Copyright, 1876, by Harper and Brothers.

me to a participation in the new railway enterprise is in every respect as generous as I could expect or desire. I thank you very sincerely for it, and in this connection I wish to make a suggestion of a somewhat selfish character. It is this: You spoke of Mr. Caldwell disposing of a share of his interest to me. If he really designs to do so, I wish he would make the proposition definite, so that I could know just what to depend on. Perhaps if he waits till the full development of the enterprise he might grow reluctant to part with the share; and I do not by this mean any distrust of him.

"I do not feel that I shall prove a deadhead in the enterprise if I once embark in it. I see various channels in which I know I can be useful.

"Very hastily and sincerely your friend,

J. G. BLAINE."

The second letter is marked "Confidential," and is dated at Washington, April 16th, 1876.

"MY DEAR MR. FISHER: You can do me a very great favour, and I know it will give you pleasure to do so—just as I would do for you

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under similar circumstances. Certain persons and papers are trying to throw mud at me to injure my candidacy before the Cincinnati Convention, and you may observe they are trying it in connection with the Little Rock and Fort Smith matter.

"I want you to send me a letter such as the inclosed draft. You will receive this to-morrow (Monday) evening, and it will be a favour I shall never forget if you will at once write me the letter and mail the same evening.

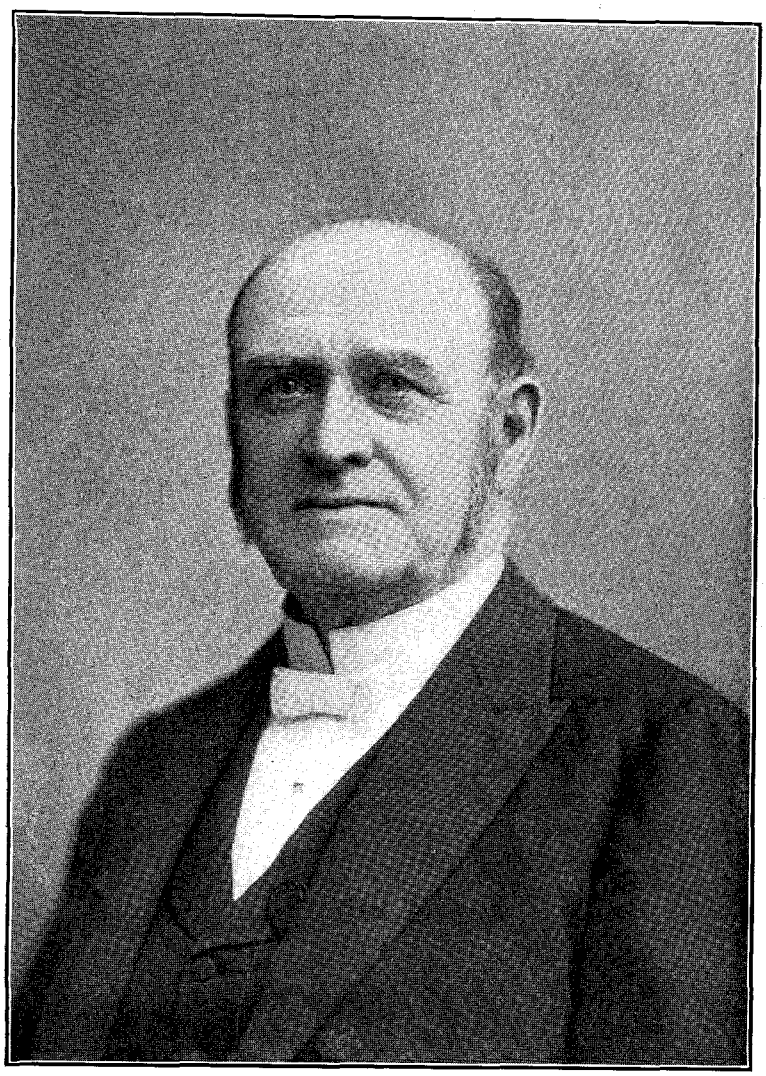
"The letter is strictly true, and is honourable to you and to me, and will stop the mouths of slanderers at once.

"Regard this letter as strictly confidential. Do not show it to any one. The draft is in the hands of my clerk, who is as trustworthy as any man can be. If you can't get the letter written in season for the 9 o'clock mail to New York, please be sure to mail it during the night so that it will start first mail Tuesday morning; *but, if possible, I pray you to get it in the 9 o'clock mail Monday evening.* Kind regards to Mrs. Fisher.

Sincerely,

J. G. B.

"Burn this letter."



SAMUEL D. BURCHARD.

Dr. Burchard's famous "Rum, Romans and Rebellion" alliteration is thought to have been a great factor in deciding the election of 1884.

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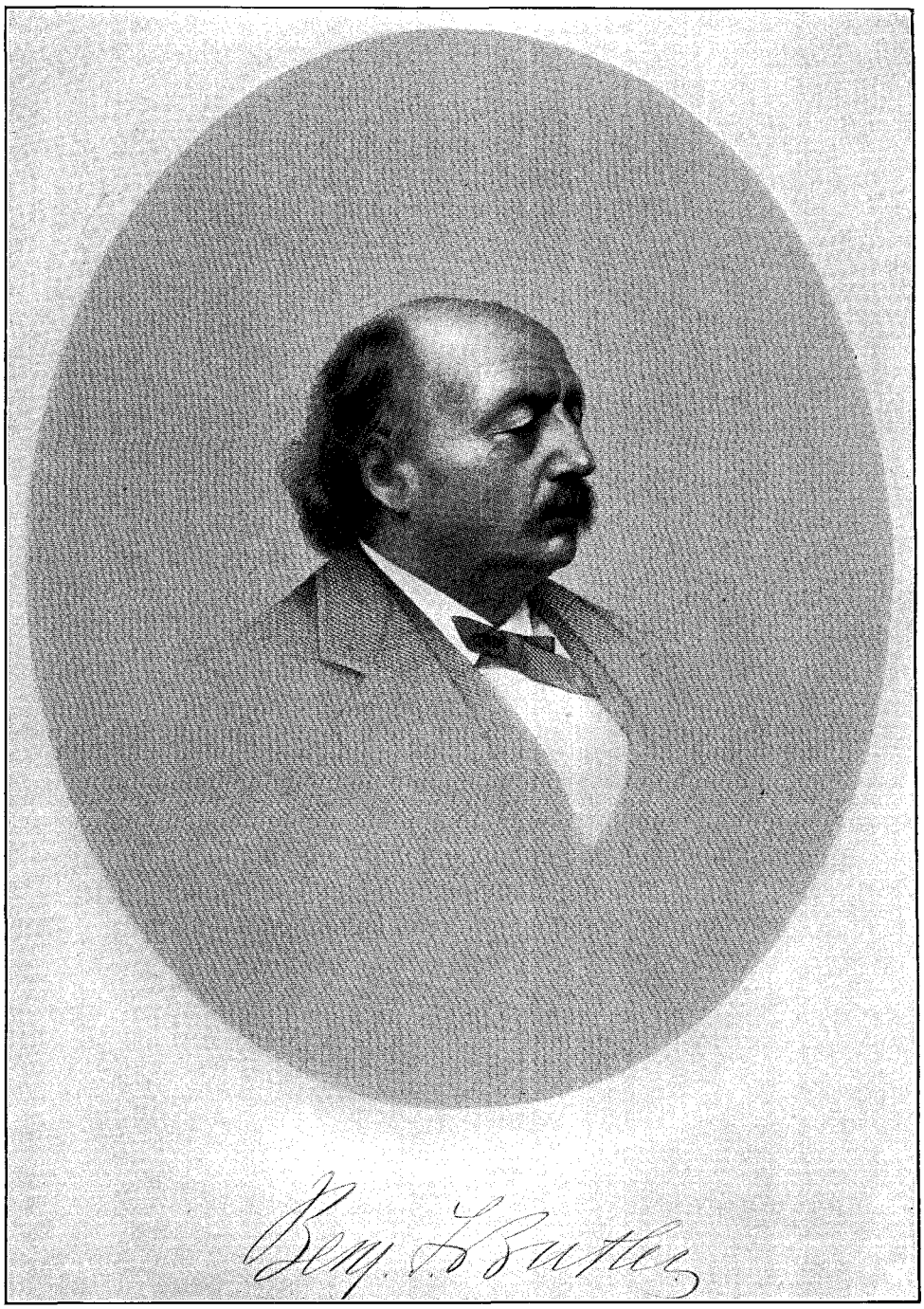

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, "GREENBACK" CANDIDATE IN 1884.

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A third letter, dated October 4th, 1869, made it evident that Mr. Blaine, while Speaker of the House, had sent his page to General Logan, suggesting a point of order, which, if made, would block a scheme unfriendly to a land grant in which Mr. Blaine's financial associates were interested. Such, in brief, is the history of the famous Mulligan letters which sufficed to prevent Mr. Blaine's nomination for the Presidency in 1876 and 1880, and which now, in 1884, from the outset of his candidacy, were printed and scattered broadcast over the country by his political opponents.*

The Democratic candidate against whom Mr. Blaine had now to make his fight was a man of an wholly antithetical type. Mr. Cleveland was in no respect a brilliant man. The son of a clergyman, and early left to make his own way in the world, he had, like his rival, been a teacher, and had later taken up the practice of the law in Buffalo. There he had held some minor public offices. In 1863 he was Assistant District Attorney for the county, and from 1870 to 1873 he had served as Sheriff. He first attracted attention outside of his own city when, in 1881, he was elected Mayor of Buffalo by a combination of Democrats and Independents. In this office he instituted reforms and defeated various corrupt combinations, while his liberal use of the veto power maintained a wise economy. In 1882 he had received the Democratic nomination for the governorship of New York, and had been elected by the remarkable plurality of 192,000 votes.

Mr. Cleveland was a type of man such as had not before come to the front as a presidential possibility. He represented the practical, every-day, usual citizen of moderate means and no very marked ambitions—a combination of the business man and the unimportant professional person, blunt, hardheaded, brusque, and unimaginative, and with a readiness to take a hand in whatever might be going on. His education was of the simplest; his general information presumably not very large, and his interest in life was almost wholly bounded by the limits of his own locality. As a practising lawyer he was well thought of; yet his reputation had not gone beyond the local circuit. A bachelor, he had no need of a large income. His spare time was spent with companions of his own tastes. His ideal of recreation did not go beyond the comfort of the back-room of a respectable beer garden; and perhaps this circumstance in itself is sufficient to give a fair notion of his general environment. At the opening of the State Convention at Saratoga which nominated him for the governorship, Mr. Cleveland took charge of his own canvass in person, sitting in his shirt sleeves in a small bedroom of his hotel, with a tub of cracked ice and innumerable bottles beside him, conferring with his henchmen, receiving visits from country delegates, and with a sort of professional joviality, bidding for the favour of the practical politicians.

As Governor, Mr. Cleveland entered upon a wider field and one that must have seemed at first a place of limitless exactions. But his lack of imagination stood him in good stead. He bent his back to the burden and did each day's work as it came. A stranger to large responsibilities and retaining much of the narrowness of the provincial business man, he viewed all questions as equally important, attending personally to all his correspondence, looking for himself into every item and detail of executive business, and giving hours of time each day to minutiæ which the merest clerk could have cared for with quite as much efficiency. This, however, was only one manifestation of the conscientiousness that showed itself far more commendably in higher matters. The rough, blunt, independence of the man made him indifferent to the insidious influences that rise like a malarial mist about the possessor of high political office. Subtleties of suggestion were lost on this brusque novice, and anything more pointed than suggestion roused in him a cross-grained spirit that brooked no guidance or control. He forged ahead in his own way with a sort of bull-necked stubbornness, but with a power and energy which smoother politicians were compelled to recognise as very real. He cared nothing about popularity.

*In addition to the letters read by Mr. Blaine before the House, a number of others were made public by Messrs. Fisher and Mulligan, who deposited them with their lawyers in Boston. Their authenticity was not denied by Mr. Blaine.

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He vetoed a bill requiring the street railways to reduce their fares, thereby offending thousands. He followed it up by a veto of another bill which granted public money to sectarian schools, and in consequence he estranged great masses of his Catholic supporters. He defied the Tammany leaders in the legislature, and made still more powerful enemies. But when the people at large had come to understand him, they admired his independence, and applauded this burly, obstinate, tactless, but intensely earnest man. They were pleased when the professional politicians were trampled on; and even the labour representatives, to whose dictation Mr. Cleveland had also sturdily refused to bow, at heart respected him for his firmness and his honesty. In the end, his record as Governor of New York secured for him the nomination for the Presidency. Against the brilliant, subtle and magnetic Blaine was pitted the plodding, incorruptible, courageous Cleveland.

The campaign opened immediately after the two candidates had been nominated. Those Republicans who were opposed to Mr. Blaine formed an organisation at a conference held in New York on July 22d, and prepared an address which was issued on the 30th by the so-called National Committee of Republicans and Independents, of which George William Curtis was the chairman, and George Walton Green the secretary. At once the movement assumed formidable proportions, and it was seen that thousands of Republicans were rallying to Cleveland, not because they had given up their party, but because they could not tolerate their party's candidate. These Independents received the popular name of "Mugwumps," a word which, having been first employed in a semi-political sense by the Indianapolis *Sentinel* in 1872, received its popular currency through the New York *Sun*, which began using it on March 23d, 1884. These "Mugwumps," or political purists, had been characterised by Mr. Blaine four years earlier in a letter to General Garfield, in which he said: "They are noisy but not numerous; pharisaical but not practical; ambitious but not wise; pretentious but not powerful." This sentence is extremely characteristic of the man who wrote it.

Mr. Blaine was an old campaigner. He knew that his record would be violently assailed. He felt, however, that he had drawn all the enemy's fire in 1876 and 1880, and that in consequence their ammunition had been practically exhausted. He had no intention of conducting a defensive battle. With all his natural aggressiveness, therefore, he began to carry the war into the enemy's country. At first he trusted to the old sectional issue which had won so many elections for his party. The memories of the Civil War were again invoked. The perils of the "Solid South" and of "the South once more in the saddle" were pictured by a thousand party orators. But somehow or other this issue had, in sporting parlance, gone stale. The new generation which had grown up since the war cared little about these things, and the older generation had grown weary of them. Mr. Cleveland was sneered at because he had not enlisted in the army but had sent a substitute. To this it was answered that he was then the sole support of a widowed mother, and that neither had Mr. Blaine himself enlisted nor had he sent a substitute. A feeling of dismay came over the Republican headquarters when it was discovered that the war issue was no longer powerful. The tariff question was then taken up and hammered at industriously. This had proved sufficient to pull Mr. Garfield through in 1880, and much was hoped from it by Mr. Blaine. The Democratic platform, however, had been very wisely drawn, and its tariff plank decidedly appealed to the common sense of the American people. It said:

"Knowing full well that legislation affecting the occupations of the people should be cautious and conservative in method, not in advance of public opinion but responsive to its demands, the Democratic Party is pledged to revise the tariff in a spirit of fairness to all interests. But in making reductions in taxes, it is not proposed to injure any domestic industries, but rather to promote their healthy growth. . . . The necessary reduction in taxation can and must be effected without depriving American labour of the ability to compete successfully with foreign labour, and without imposing lower rates of duty than will be ample to cover any increased cost of production which may exist in consequence

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of the higher rate of wages prevailing in this country. Sufficient revenue to pay all the expenses of the Federal government can be got under our present system of taxation, from custom-house taxes on fewer imported articles, bearing heaviest on articles of luxury, and bearing lightest on articles of necessity."

In this there was no suggestion of the favourite Republican bogey of Free Trade. It was rather a lucid definition of Protection as Protection had been understood by Lincoln and by the financial officers of his administration. Hence the tariff issue was another weapon which bent and broke in the hands of those who tried to wield it.

Seeing the futility of their efforts to rekindle the war spirit or to frighten the manufacturing interests, the Republican managers, in their desperation, descended to the lower plane of personal abuse, justifying themselves by citing the attacks which Democrats and Independents were making upon Mr. Blaine. From that moment the contest became shameful and indecent to an almost incredible degree. No such campaign of slander had ever before been waged. One is justified in thinking that no such campaign will ever again be known in American political history. To recall quite briefly some of its details may act as a deterrent in the future. Mr. Cleveland was then a bachelor, and so the Republican *condottieri* felt no scruples which they might have entertained toward one who had a family to suffer. They thought him a fair target for every missile. An episode in his past and one that had been long since ended, was now revived, and made the basis for a charge of repulsive and habitual immorality. When the story was first published, its substance was telegraphed to Mr. Cleveland, who immediately replied with the characteristic message, "Tell the truth." But the truth would not have been sufficient for the purposes of his opponents, and therefore the incident referred to was exaggerated and became the nucleus of a shameful structure of foul invention and filthy inuendo. It was charged that Mr. Cleveland had abducted a woman and imprisoned her in an asylum in order to suppress her story, and that he had kidnapped and secretly immured a child which claimed him as its father. Mr. Cleveland had made himself hated by the baser element in Buffalo through his fearlessness in suppressing vice while he was Mayor; and now from every drinking-den and brothel there was sent forth a swarm of vile and slanderous stories which the partisans of Mr. Blaine greedily caught up and scattered recklessly throughout the land. It was a debauch of slander, and for a moment the Independents were staggered. But a brief investigation showed that, with the exception of a single incident, all this prurient mass had oozed from the lewd imagination of the stews. It all resolved itself into the exaggeration of one episode in Mr. Cleveland's life, which had happened years before, and which had long since been atoned for by the rectitude of his after conduct. The following paragraph from a letter written by the Rev. Dr. Kinsley Twining, an eminent clergyman of Buffalo, who was conversant with all the facts, sets forth with sufficient clearness the truth which Mr. Cleveland desired to have told. This letter was indorsed by the most prominent citizens of Buffalo, and it was printed and circulated throughout the United States.

"The kernel of truth in the serious charges against Mr. Cleveland is this, that when he was younger than he is now he was guilty of an illicit connection; but the charge, as brought against him, lacks the elements of truth in these substantial points: There was no seduction, no adultery, no breach of promise, no obligation of marriage; but there was at that time a culpable irregularity of life, living as he was, a bachelor, for which it was proper and is proper that he should suffer. After the primary offence, which is not to be palliated in the circle for which I write, his conduct was singularly honourable, showing no attempt to evade responsibility, and doing all he could to meet the duties involved, of which marriage was certainly not one. Everything here was eminently to his credit under circumstances which would have seemed to many men of the world to justify him in other conduct than that which he accepted as his duty. There was no abduction, only proper legal action under circumstances which demanded it."

It is now believed by many that Mr. Cleveland chivalrously took upon himself the blame of this transaction in order to shield a personal friend who was himself

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the wrongdoer, but who had a family which would have suffered had the facts been brought to light. This belief suggested to the late Paul Leicester Ford a dramatic chapter in his political novel *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, of which many incidents are understood to have been drawn from the life of Mr. Cleveland. Certain it is that there was no truth in the other stories. They were repeated on the stump with hideous unctuousness by an itinerant preacher, who had been hired to proclaim them; but a move toward indicting him for slander brought him instantly to his knees. The wretched creature ate his words and grovelled and begged abjectly for forgiveness. He denied having any authority for what he had said, and admitted that he had repeated simply the loose stories which he had picked up in the street.

The conclusion of the Independent voters was very well expressed by the New York *Evening Post*. Taunted with its enmity to Blaine, who had been accused only of official dereliction, and with its support of a man who had been confessedly unchaste, the *Post* replied that while an isolated instance of unchastity might affect the social reputation of a man, it had no relation whatever to his civic virtues; whereas the charges against Mr. Blaine, if true, disqualified him wholly for high office, since they undermined the very foundation of his civic honour.

As the campaign proceeded, its tone became almost frantic. Those who clung loyally to Mr. Blaine did so with a passionate intensity that made them quite incapable of reasoning. The attacks on Mr. Cleveland had filled his followers with the bitterest resentment. Political discussion then degenerated into personal abuse. Even the cartoonists of the different parties showed none of the humour which is usually to be found in the pictorial history of a campaign. Some of the caricatures were frightful in their malignity. It was at this time that Gillam drew his hideous pictures of Mr. Blaine as the Tattooed Man, which produced so painful an impression upon Mr. Blaine himself that his friends could with difficulty restrain him from instituting a criminal prosecution. On the other hand, the pages of *Judge* showed an almost equally offensive representation of the Democratic candidates. Many persons at that time had a very poor opinion of Mr. Cleveland's intellectual abilities and regarded Mr. Hendricks as much the abler man. Hence a cartoonist drew the Democratic ticket as a kangaroo with an extremely small head, but with an enormous leech-like tail. The head, of course, was Cleveland, and the tail was Hendricks, whose face appeared upon it; and this conception, varied in a hundred different ways and published in crude colours, was worked out in a fashion that was most repulsive, as were also scores of other coarse cartoons, which to-day would be suppressed by the police.

Late in October it became evident that the vote of New York would decide the result of the election; and both parties concentrated upon that State their intensest energies. Mr. Cleveland as Governor had, as already shown, offended the labour vote, the Roman Catholics and Tammany Hall—three immensely powerful factors. Blaine, on the other hand, because of his Irish descent, his Catholic mother, and his professed sympathies with the cause of Ireland and the so-called Irish "patriots," was strong precisely where Cleveland was known to be most vulnerable. Yet in New York Mr. Blaine had made one venomous and implacable enemy. This was Roscoe Conkling, with whom, so far back as 1866, there had been established something like a personal feud. The two men had always been temperamentally antipathetic. Conkling was overbearing, proud of his personal appearance, and bore himself with a swagger which impressed the galleries of the House, but which was offensive even to many of his own party associates. In 1866, in the course of a debate, Blaine and Conkling came into parliamentary collision, and the former was goaded into a withering blaze of scorn. Turning upon Conkling, he said in measured tones and with an air of indescribable disdain:

"As to the gentleman's cruel sarcasm, I hope he will not be too severe. The contempt of that large-minded gentleman is so wilting, his haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, supereminent, overpowering, turkey-gobbler strut, has been so crushing to myself and all the members of this House, that I know it was an act of the greatest

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temerity for me to venture upon a controversy with him."

Then, referring to a comparison that had been made of Mr. Conkling to Henry Winter Davis, he went on:

"The gentleman took it seriously, and it has given his strut additional pomposity. The resemblance is great; it is striking. Hyperion to a Satyr, Thersites to Hercules, mud to marble, dunghill to diamond, a singed cat to a Bengal tiger, a whining puppy to a roaring lion!"

This shock to his vanity Conkling never forgave, the more so as the cartoonists ever afterward depicted him as a turkey-gobbler. From that day the two men were enemies for life. It was Conkling who aided in preventing Blaine's nomination in 1876 and in 1880. It was Blaine who, as Garfield's Secretary of State, urged the President to defy the New York Senator and indirectly to secure his retirement into private life. Now it was Conkling's turn again, and he meant to feed his resentment to the full. His power in New York was great, and the Republican managers could do nothing with him. Blaine, therefore, took the stump himself and went about speaking to great crowds, and endeavouring to win them by that eloquence and charm of manner which had made him famous. But he had well nigh reached the point of physical exhaustion. His health was already undermined. His vitality was failing. As he was dragged about from place to place, stared at by mobs, having always to appear affable and interested while feeling a premonition of disaster, he almost experienced physical collapse. The acuteness of his mind and its alertness must also have been somewhat dulled, for when, a few days before the election, he received at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York City a number of clergymen, he failed to notice a remark of one of them who made a brief address. This clergyman was the Rev. Dr. Samuel D. Burchard, who wound up his remarks by speaking of the Democratic Party as "the party of Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." In a few hours these words were known to every Catholic voter in the State, while the labour element was reminded of a dinner given at about the same time to Mr. Blaine by a number of very wealthy New York men. This so-called "millionaire's dinner" was pointed out as evidence that Blaine was peculiarly the candidate of the capitalists.

Still, the result seemed doubtful. Tammany Hall had not yet been won over. Its leader was John Kelly, a rough and ready politician, but an honest man. He had opposed Mr. Cleveland's nomination, pronouncing him no Democrat, and declaring that if elected he would prove a traitor to the party. Kelly held in his hand the vote of Tammany Hall; and, as a last resort, Mr. Hendricks was summoned from Indiana to exert his influence. He made the journey of a thousand miles and conferred with Kelly hour after hour. Hendricks was a party man of the straitest type, an old-time Democrat of the Middle West. He carried his point, and Kelly promised that for Hendricks's sake the Tammany vote should be swung into line for the party ticket.

Then came the day of the election on November 4th. Early on the following morning, it was known that Cleveland had carried all the Southern States, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana. New York was still in doubt, but it seemed to have gone Democratic. The New York *Sun,* which had supported the farcical Greenback candidacy of General B. F. Butler, and which was bitterly opposed to Cleveland, conceded his election. The *Tribune,* on the other hand, kept its flag still flying, and declared that Blaine had been elected. It was evident that the result depended upon a few hundred votes in the outlying counties of New York. A very ugly feeling was manifested among the Democrats. They suspected that a plot was on foot to cheat them of their rights and to repeat the history of 1876. Mobs filled the streets in the vicinity of the newspaper offices, watching intently every bulletin that was posted, and from time to time breaking out into savage cheers or groans. Violence was attempted in several cities, and bodies of men marched up and down as they had done at the outbreak of the Civil War. On the evening of the 18th of November, the official count was ended, and then the country knew that a plurality of 1149 votes in the State of New York had given the Presidency to

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Mr. Cleveland. On that same night, Mr. Blaine appeared at the door of his house in Augusta, Maine, and said to a sombre, sullen crowd that had assembled there: "Friends and neighbours, the national contest is over, and by the narrowest of margins we have lost."

The election of Mr. Cleveland marks an epoch in our national history the importance of which can only now be fully understood. It meant that the issues springing from the Civil War had been definitely settled. It meant the beginning of a true re-union of all States and sections. It meant that the nation had turned its back upon the past, and was about to move forward with confidence and courage to a future of prosperity, and to a greatness of which no one at that time could form an adequate conception. And it meant, although no one knew it, that, as the result of new conditions, there was ultimately to be effected a momentous change in the whole social and political structure of the American Republic.

EVANGELICAL ROMANCE

Not long ago the writer chanced to allude casually to a distinct novel-reading constituency which, he suggested, peruses the evangelical novel, and in the innocent enthusiasm of the moment he went so far as to remark of this class that "it cannot persuade itself far enough away from the Scriptures to taste of confessedly secular fiction, but it can throw itself with light heart and clear conscience into the pursuit of a sensational fiction which deals with themes sufficiently blasphemous." No deep malice underlay the remark, and it was matter for mild surprise that it should be taken up in certain quarters with a good deal of seriousness, not to say resentment. The incident did not lead to any fixed determination to "get up" the subject in a business-like way, as might have happened with a really conscientious person. It did, however, inspire the culprit with a special interest in certain titles which appeared in the presently forthcoming publishers' announcements. It encouraged him to read them attentively, and to think it worth while, for his own satisfaction at least, to record his impressions of them.

He has found them, for one reason or another, diverting, if for no reason edifying. The very names of the gentlemen who are responsible for them offer a pleasant incitement to the fancy. An actor, a philosopher, two best-selling popular romancers, and a zealous believer named Stout; one seldom notes a more varied list of entries for any event. Mr. Stout marches by himself; a few years ago his tale might have found a worthy mate in Mrs. Phelps-Ward's story of Jesus Christ. The others pair off readily. Mr. Bacheller and Mr. Barrett neck and neck for unaffected profanity, Mr. Harrison and Mr. Haggard (however suggestive of the elephant and the kangaroo) putting up a good team battle in the interests of romantic twaddle tinctured with history.

Everybody recalls the books in this kind which have been most popular during the past generation. There was *Ben-Hur,* which as a rattling good story has held its market better than the rest. There was *Quo Vadis,* the pronunciation of the name of the author of which was a burning question not so long since, though we are now rather languid about it. *The Sign of the Cross,* invented not much later, is just reprinted, and must therefore be supposed to have retained an audience somewhat longer than most secular trash can hope to do. *The Christian,* in a modern setting, presented much the same kind of theme, appealed to much the same emotions, and had a similar vogue. All four of these stories doubled or tripled their audience by what is called dramatisation. What followed was that the clergymen who had recommended the insertion of these more or less sensational yarns in their Sunday school libraries proceeded to exhort their parishioners to hear the plays, which they

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generously declared to be "better than any sermon." So they were; unless it might chance to be the sermon of some more thorough-going Sam Jones, interspersed with vaudeville turns or illustrated with living pictures.

There is a good deal of fun to be had out of such books and such plays. They satisfy the human craving for melodrama as nothing else can do. When you have got Judas working in the part of villain you have multiplied that rôle to the nth power. Conventional morality is all very well in its way, but it cannot pretend to compete, as a breeder of hisses and catcalls, with conventional religion. The Bowery appears to have its effective extension methods as well as the university; and the good innocent clergyman and parishioners who only experience the novel and the play as they rise to proving, with scenical and melodramatic accessories, how true the New Testament is, are students in the primary department of that school.

The Sign of the Cross and *Vergilius* deserve places of credit among the dog's-eared text-books. From internal evidence (and we have no other at hand), we should say that *The Sign of the Cross* is a novellate drama rather than a dramatised novel. Stage-tactics are visible at every turn; we step briskly from situation to situation, in an atmosphere aromatic of stage-hands, costumes and properties, and there are moments when we listen involuntarily for the cheerful criticism of the gallery gods. We trust that some of those scenes were not produced upon the stage with quite their printed warmth. Apparently they were not, for the Bishop of Truro, in an introduction not unworthy of his Gilbert and Sullivan title, has expressed his unqualified admiration for the stage version. This play also, it seems, has had the honour of appealing to the clergy as better than a sermon. Mr. Wilson's drama has, according to the Bishop, come to the rescue at a critical moment, and has done all that one play could do "to purify the stage, that the stage might raise men, to go straight to the source of high emotion, to bring together the old and the new natures till each told the truth of the other, to bring the nineteenth century face to face with the first." "At the bottom of our hearts," he proceeds, "all the time there was a scorn of base thoughts. . . . And when *The Sign of the Cross* reached us, we knew its kindred touch, and the story found itself at home." And all this of a play sufficiently sensational, sufficiently tawdry, to have seemed to the Bishop of Truro an invention of the devil if it had not been for the gloss of conventional Christianity which shallowly overspreads it.

No quality in these stories is more remarkable than their voluptuousness. When we are not being exhorted we are being treated to luscious descriptions. The physical charms of women are dwelt upon with a gusto and an explicitness hardly equalled elsewhere outside of a D'Annunzio or a *Journal pour Rire*. Diaphanous garments are the rule; indeed, it would seem that the evangelical romancer can hardly get on without them. Mr. Barrett allows his heroine some opacity of attire, but makes up for it by bestowing upon us a courtesan whose "magnificent figure was fully revealed by the diaphanous and filmy gauze that clung about her." Mr. Bacheller does not hesitate to dress his heroine in "a filmy transparent thing, through which one could see the white of arm and breast, and the purple fillets on her legs." Mr. Harrison does pretty well toward making living pictures of both his heroine and his adventuress. One is arrayed "in flowing robes of pure white gauze that clung to her rounded form and (here our religion comes to the rescue) made her look like the Virgin as she stood abashed and listened to the angel at the Annunciation." As for the other lady, she is "dressed in the diaphanous folds of silk gauze, which displayed to their best her magnificent form." Mr. Haggard, perhaps fearing to fall beneath his notable achievement in this kind of description in *She*, treats his heroine with some decorum; but he does not fail to bring forth, in due season, his expected "beautiful women clad in gauzy veils." There is a dogged pertinacity in the recurrence of these phrases which would be amusing if it were not a little sickening. Mr. Stout's narrative is quite free from such descriptions, though the figure of Mary of Magdala, it seems, might easily have lent itself to the silk-gauze mode of treatment.

Mr. Barrett assisted in the dramatisation of *Quo Vadis*, and it is pretty evident

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that *The Sign of the Cross* is no more than a cheap memory of that experience. We have our pair of Pagan lovers whose duty it is to turn Christian before the final curtain; we have our orgies, our gladiatorial combats, our Nero, our limelight diffusing its cheerful radiance over all. Mr. Barrett's is the paltriest style imaginable; when it is not that of *Alone in London* it is that of the *Matrimonial Gazette*. One of his characters has "an unctious laugh," and another is "a beautiful blonde of some two and twenty summers." The book is illustrated with reproductions of photographs of some of the stage scenes. Photographing a stage scene is like putting a paper chrysanthemum under a microscope. All the artificiality we try to ignore in seeing a play is thrust upon us, and all the life and colour are taken away. Here we have a tableau which may have been effective enough as it was presented. The central figure is a noble Roman lady: "As she sat in her lectica," we are told, "she looked a very queen in stateliness and distinction." In the photograph she appears to be merely a decent-looking actress somewhat indecently displaying the whites of her eyes, and sitting in a large wheelbarrow. In front of her stands one of her bearers, billed as "a gigantic negro," and in fact a stout coloured gentleman with the costume and air of a conscripted blacksmith who is trying to be an actor, but secretly wishes himself back at the forge.

Mr. Bacheller, having won the world with a backwoods romance, is apparently determined to win it again on somewhat different terms. He did not quite succeed with the plain blood and thunder of *D'ri and I;* why not add a little of the salt of piety? *Vergilius* contains a number of situations which must be admitted to be both fetching and pious. The heroine, Arria, has the property ardour of a demimondaine and the manners of an 'Arriet.

"'I doubt not,' says her worthy and appreciative mother at a certain juncture, 'I doubt not he will worship you.'

"'Or he is no kind of man,' said Arria, thoughtfully. 'Oh son of Varro! come. I am waiting. If he takes me in his arms, what shall I do?'

"'Thrust him aside—tell him that you do not like it.'

"'And what shall I do if he does not?'

"'Bid him go at once. We have no need of any half-men.'

"'But he will,' said the girl with a worried look. 'He shall embrace me—he shall, or—or I will bid my brother kill him.'"

After this delicate consultation we can not be surprised to see her become a convert and a perfect lady in short order; if she occasionally drops her moral *h's* after that it is not the fault of the author. To speak seriously, it would be hard to imagine a more offensive treatment of such a theme than Mr. Bacheller's. Let us hope that he will compass a safe return to his D'ri and himself; we ought to be willing to be content with almost any secular nonsense of his, if he will only keep it secular.

Lucanus represents a less mischievous, though hardly less misguided, traffic in holy things. It is impossible to doubt the author's sincere intention to suggest "the facts and conditions of the times of Jesus." He wishes also to place before modern readers "flesh and blood people such as move among us to-day." This he hopes to effect by the use of "a modern colouring" and of "the homely speech of the present rather than the stately language which is supposed to belong to that interesting period." Modern colouring and homely speech are apparently both included in such a phrase as "the sporting population of North Egypt," or "she was physical perfection on wings;" but such phrases are uncommon; the style on the whole is rather stiff and conventional than otherwise, as are many of the incidents, even the sporting incidents. We have no chariot race and no banquet scene, but we have a lot of single combats of excellent quality. "The sword of Yalva, descended on the leader, severed in twain the stout club with which he attempted to ward off the blow, and fell on his head with sufficient force to prostrate him in the dust." No despicable feat for a minor character. That there is no dearth of adventures is indicated by the titles of a few of the chapters: "A Race for Liberty," "A Thrilling Adventure," "The Plot Thickens," "A Fateful Night." For the rest, Mr. Stout makes another of the many hopeless attempts to present the figure of Jesus and His household in

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a fresh light. The fact seems to be that we need no translation into modern terms of these matters, unless it be some such dignified and reverent rendering of the original narrative as has just been provided by Dean Hodges in his *When the King Came.*

Mr. Haggard and Mr. Harrison present in *The Brethren* and *Theophano* two new crusading romances: the former under the stage inspiration of Scott, the latter out of a clear sky. The religious element in *The Brethren* is not more important than in *The Talisman;* the theme is Christendom against heathendom, not Christianity against the devil. Saladin is a chief figure, and the narrative brings us to "the last surrender, whereby the crusaders lost Jerusalem forever." In the meantime we are to be hearing rather more than necessary about the loves of a certain Godwin, a certain Wulf, and their Rosamund. Perhaps at the age when we were thrilled by *King Solomon's Mines,* we might have been thrilled by *The Brethren;* and there are said to be people of that age now. We should very likely have pronounced it less long-winded than *The Talisman;* anyhow we shouldn't have had to read it in school, and that would have told not a little in its favour.

This brings us to what is in some respects the most remarkable of our exhibits: a tragical-comical-historical-religious romance from the hand of Mr. Frederic Harrison. Mr. Harrison is a respected veteran; he is entitled to carry many service stripes on his sleeve. He is, in fact, a writer who, if previous respectability counted for anything in such cases, if distinguished philosophical and literary attainment could constitute a safeguard, should have escaped the vulgar errors of a Haggard or a Bacheller. It is quite evident that Mr. Harrison writes from a thorough knowledge of his period, and we understand that he has taken great pains to get up the local and temporal colour required in these instances. The pity of it is that he should have thought it advisable to give his history a flimsy garb of fiction; and to have associated certain persons who have hitherto led a respectable existence in our doubtless phlegmatic historical imagination with puppets of his own invention. There are plenty of facts in this narrative, but no human truth. There are plenty of incidents, but (though superficially "full of ginger," to use the Bowery terminology) they are connected with no action. There is plenty of religious history, but no religion.

Perhaps it is no more than we deserve, that having consented to take our sociology, our history, our psychology, our science, our theology, our codes of manners and morals, by way of fiction, we should now be asked to take our pure religion in the same form. The tendency to bring together melodrama and the gospel is not, after all, a new one. We need not use up all our righteous indignation over the present attempts. It is our own fault if we have surfeited ourselves with them; even then there are resorts such as we find suggested with sufficient explicitness in a brief but effective passage of Mr. Bacheller's romance:

> "As they were rising, the young Gracus remarked, 'By Apollo! I have not taken my emetic.'
>
> "'To forget that is to know sorrow,' said another."

H. W. Boynton.

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A BALLADE OF THE IRREPRESSIBLES

They sing of groves and gay lagoons,
  For them enchanted waters flow
Beneath the spell of radiant moons,
  They tell of wondrous stars that glow,
  Of isles where balmy breezes blow
(Who hasn't the poet's art admired?)
  Rich flowers round your path they strow
When bards begin to feel inspired.

O, so melodious are their tunes,
  The most profound delight they show,
A-singing long of bays and dunes,
  Of glens and rills, and as they go
  Through rose-decked lanes what joy they know!
Ah, their susceptive souls are fired,
  And Nature whispers to them low
When bards begin to feel inspired.

Of some lorn maiden as she croons,
  Of some unhappy Romeo,
Of mellow eves and glorious moons
  They tell in tuneful numbers,—lo,
  What wondrous touches they bestow,
(The art's not easily acquired.)
  What soul into their lines they throw
When bards begin to feel inspired.

ENVOY.

But, Prince, the poets' tortures grow,
  For editors are worn and tired,—
The poems come and pile up so
  When bards begin to feel inspired!

Nathan M. Levy.

SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I.

Professor Saintsbury's "History of Criticism."*

When a hardy explorer follows some Nilus of the mind from its remote beginning to the minutest ramifications of its delta, the first and most agreeable duty is simply to hail him. Such applause Professor Saintsbury has fairly won by the completion of his third and last volume, *Modern Criticism*. The book has involved an appalling amount of reading of the sort Goethe warned Eckermann away from on pain of losing his soul; this reading has been done at first hand, and the mere labour of assembling the materials can only be appreciated by such as have themselves been slaves of the bristling "slips." But a stout heart

*A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe. By George Saintsbury. Vol. III. Edinburgh, London: William Blackwood and Sons; New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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and enterprise—qualities which Professor Saintsbury has in an eminent degree—are only part of the moral stock-in-trade for an explorer or for an historian of literature. If we find that our critical Stanley is constitutionally incapable of giving a true account of his travels, predisposed perhaps to deify all broad-headed folk and to decry the long-headed moiety, why then we may continue to admire his pluck, but must reject his judgment and regret his unfruitful pains. And this is very much the case with Professor Saintsbury.

In plainer words, he is a hater of theory and a contemner of ratiocination. "I hope I have more wit than to attempt to define anything," he cries from the lower margin of page 386. This disclaimer, chance chosen, is very characteristic of his temper. He means, of course, that to assert infallibility of a definition, to imagine that any considerable portion of truth can be finally laid away in a formula, is to outrage wit. But nearly the whole business of criticism is, after all, that of definition. Nothing but that stands between us and mere rhapsody. Even the impressionist critic must render a clear account of his impression. The doctrinaire cannot advance a step without definitions, and no formula honestly arrived at fails to throw some light upon the particular writings it endeavours to explain. If it be true that only fools believe that definitions are absolute, only wholly uncritical persons deny the value of this kind of approach toward truth. Such scorn of the abstract marks Professor Saintsbury as an impressionist *pur sang*. He is also a robust impressionist; he craves chiefly, one might say only, the purple patch; is capable of the most Gargantuan "azure feats," and prides himself thereon. Only hear him rebuke the timid Gray for deprecating any over infusion of the lyric style in the Epic. "Give us an Iliad at the pitch of the best chorus of the Agamemnon," begs our author, "and we will gladly see whether we can hear it or not."

To feel such vivid impressions of particular works of literature as are here hinted at, and to give honest and vivid account thereof—that is the critic's whole duty. Holding such a view Professor Saintsbury is bound to exalt all who have dealt genially with single writings and to depreciate all who have concerned themselves with the theory of taste. It forces him to overpraise Christopher North preposterously, because he gushed royally, and to dispatch Herder with faint praise. Indeed, it seems throughout that nothing really interests the author except the thrill of a perfect phrase. Criticism with him would hardly go beyond a sublimated rhetoric or metric. How otherwise could he reproach Goethe for criticising *Hamlet* (in the well-known digression in *Wilhelm Meister*) as if "only acquainted with a prose translation of the piece"? Why should Goethe, intending only to discuss Hamlet's character, indulge in a marginal appreciation of Shakespeare's diction? It is simply another case of "thinking ill" of a quasi-classical critic, for Goethe was not insensitive to style in English, and of refusing to take an especial sort of criticism, and a most valuable kind, frankly for what it is worth. And this desire to pat the emotionalising broad-heads and to thwack the rationalising long-heads, is further increased by the habit of regarding the history of criticism as one long relentless warfare, in which the formalists are discomfited as often as they show their ill-omened faces. That is, contrary to his own prohibition of never "judging by kinds." Professor Saintsbury herds all the classicists under a common anathema. As a matter of fact, this unhappy class, which includes in a measure Lessing, Goethe, Sainte-Beuve, of the later "Lundis," Taine, Matthew Arnold, Schopenhauer, and possibly Coleridge himself, is only less various than that of the impressionists. It can no more be comprised in a formula of dispraise than that in one of praise. And the attempt to draw from individual appreciations general principles which shall both regulate and sharpen taste is quite as normal and profitable an exercise of the critical intelligence as the mere sorting and recording of impression. True the generalising tendency is often tediously barren through vanity or defect of specific experience. But the question is always, Is the generalisation good or bad, otiose or illuminating? And this grace Professor Saintsbury rarely concedes to the *gente maladetta* of doctrinaires. To say of a first-rater like Lessing that he is constantly "heading the discussion aside

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from concrete to abstract, and from particular to general points," is merely to state the truism that he is a generalising critic. The really important matter, What is the worth of Lessing's generalisations? remains untouched, indeed our author has so far intermitted his duty as a historian as to forget to tell us what these generalisations, surely not negligible, are.

Of course, a man is free to choose his side, and if Professor Saintsbury had consistently let the classicists alone and contented himself with sending the fiery cross among the romanticists, the result might have been most interesting though hardly literary history. It might have been at least a superb romantic tract. But, as a matter of fact, generalisation is only under ban when it makes for regulation. For example, William Blake, the coiner of a few brilliant axioms against the big wigs, is presented at length, although his contribution of particularistic criticism is practically nil. So Joubert, who again is nothing if not a generaliser, and Coleridge, who was that chiefly, are praised for that which is blamed in Schiller or Taine. All these writers fly pretty high above the individual purple patch, which we are to believe is the sole material of the critic.

A trial balance of the qualities and defects of this great work might run somewhat as follows: Professor Saintsbury is unreliable, but frequently admirable, on the authors who touch his heart—the romantics; he is almost invariably inadequate and unfair to the critics he dislikes—the doctrinaires, among them the Germans especially; and he is really safe only on the critics who bore him—the small fry generally. To particularise, the whole of the section on Coleridge is admirable. It shows him as perhaps the finest *philosophe* of modern times. The lucubrations on Sainte-Beuve, on the contrary, are strangely flabby. A running analysis of the chief essays is followed by an almost pathetic paragraph affirming in substance that Sainte-Beuve was uncommonly well read and open-minded. Nothing more ineffectual could be imagined, and it seems as if the author were actually in some botheration to find anything to say on the subject. In striking contrast are the pages on Chateaubriand, who is treated with much enthusiasm and discretion. Professor Saintsbury is, if not at his best, at least at his most useful when he dispatches the interstitial somebodies. When he is settling the Stael's business and properly basing Warton, of the *History of English Poetry,* he does his spade work well.

To have done with a devil's advocacy already growing tedious—a trio of statistics. Bishop Hurd, of *Letters on Chivalry and Romance,* gets eight pages; Herder, the initiator of the idea of nationalism in literature and the pioneer of all subsequent literary history, five; Renan, the arch-priest of dillettanteism, the prevailing mood of modern criticism, one page, which utterly fails to point out his significance. These and many other disproportions I can account for only on the theory that often Professor Saintsbury has unloaded his notebooks into this volume without any preliminary reflection. I can imagine that the enormous reading, which he seems to carry off in a sufficiently gaillard spirit, has actually blunted his judgment except where his enthusiasm is engaged. The volume, although its matter is on the whole the most attractive of the three, is less readable than its predecessors. There is still an awful joy in the caprioles of his critical Pegasus, and I can imagine the gentle reader, who gladly takes his critical good where he finds it, observing the havoc Professor Saintsbury makes with favourite authors much in the spirit of a blameless troglodyte who should see the mastodon now whisk off the top of a fruit tree with his trunk and again carry away a delectable berry thicket on his tusk. But there are long dull stretches in the book, and often, recalling the plodding toil by the lamp that went to make this work, I remember that earlier *lector improbus* who was thus chidden:

> "In stede of reste and newe thinges,
> Thou gost hoom to thy hous anoon;
> And, also domb as any stoon,
> Thou sittest at another boke,
> Til fully dawsed is they loke."

And the pitiful conclusion of the matter is that the book would be better if it were still duller. A more impersonal digest of critical opinions, such as the earlier volumes frequently offer, would

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have been serviceable. The present volume can be used only cautiously as a chronicle, as a reasoned history its glaring defects must be already apparent. It is as signal an instance of wrong-headedness as Taine's *History of English Literature;* it is far less interesting because less freighted with ideas; it is chiefly valuable because the deposit of facts, which careful straining will separate, is considerable. Bad guide as he is for the highroad, the byways of criticism became accessible through Professor Saintsbury's labours. For this those students who will be his severest critics will also give him the most cordial meed of thanks.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

II.

Mr. Benson's "Rossetti."*

There has been a marked revival, or rather increase, of interest in Dante Gabriel Rossetti, if we may judge from the number of books about him that have appeared of late. Among the very best of these is Mr. A. C. Benson's, which gives, on the whole, a very just estimate of one who was truly remarkable not only as a painter and poet, but as a man. It is, indeed, on the personal side that this volume best deserves to be read; for those who are best fitted to appreciate Rossetti's peculiar genius need no special elucidation of it, while many of them still cherish beliefs about the man himself which are little better than myths. His personality was remarkable enough, in all conscience, without the unreal light of a mystical tradition to enhance its strangeness.

Born of mixed Italian and English ancestry, the young Rossetti had a haphazard sort of an education in several London schools, where he picked up some Greek, Latin, French and German, and where he must have appeared decidedly "un-English," being physically timid, sensitive, averse to school-boy sports, and given to brooding and day-dreams. Reading Shelley and Keats with intense ardour, and afterward making of Browning a literary idol, he wrote verse and prose of rare merit, though technically faulty, and presently took to art, under the influence of Madox Brown, who, by the way, disgusted the young idealist by setting him to painting a bunch of pickle-jars. With Brown, Holman Hunt, Millais, and Collinson, he founded the so-called Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in 1848, the essential purpose of which was to lead a revolt against conventionality in both art and literature. They condemned the cheap sentiment and "anecdotal" purpose of the English school of painting, and even the great portrait painters were held by them to be indefinite and feeble, so that Millais used to speak of Sir Joshua Reynolds as "Sloshua." Of course, the Pre-Raphaelites were bound, in the very nature of things, to establish in the end only another sort of convention; yet they exercised a strong influence for good, in demanding a perfect technique and a marked individuality of method. In literature also, they sought, or thought they sought, "an entire adherence to the simplicity of nature," and in their periodical, *The Germ,* they published among them some very striking poetry and prose. The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood dissolved bit by bit, and the "Brothers" went their several ways; but they all retained something that told of their early theories and aspirations.

In Rossetti himself, his sensuous Italian nature got the upper hand of his English asceticism, so that with him a sort of mystic naturalism was the result. This, perhaps not unnaturally, seemed to the British public at once enervating and viciously suggestive, a sort of æstheticism that gleamed with the phosphorescence of corruption. Mr. Robert Buchanan expressed the general feeling not inexactly, though too brutally, in his famous paper on *The Fleshly School of Poetry,* whose strictures apply as fairly to Rossetti's pictures as to his poems. Rossetti, in fact, after he had got fairly on his feet in the way of reputation, became in his private life eccentric, irresponsible, and decidedly loose in manners as well as in morals. He married in 1860 after a strangely irregular courtship, if courtship it can be called; and this marriage is linked with one of the most curious incidents in his career. The use of it by Mr. Hall Caine in his latest novel,

*Rossetti. By Arthur C. Benson. English Men of Letters Series. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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The Prodigal Son, has led to a revival of the discussion that at one time was widespread. In 1850, Rossetti met a girl employed in a milliner's shop and of remarkable appearance. This was Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal, the daughter of a Sheffield tradesman. She was tall, dignified and beautiful, with a brilliant complexion, copper-coloured hair, and heavy-lidded, pale blue eyes. Her air of unworldly purity was singular, and, to an artist, irresistible. Rossetti fell in love with her, and they became engaged in 1851. They were not married until the end of nine years, and in that time Rossetti painted her often and invested her with a charm which one feels most strongly in the famous picture "Beata Beatrix." His finances would not admit of marriage at the time, and she sat for other artists, with the result that Rossetti often raged with jealousy, while at the same time resenting bitterly any slight to her. The two travelled about together in a brotherly-sisterly fashion, and at last the long engagement ended in a marriage. But the girl had already begun to sink into a decline. She was a consumptive, and she died two years after her marriage, though from an overdose of laudanum. It was probably taken through a mistake, yet Rossetti was not sure of this. He had been unfaithful to her, and he could never rid himself of the dreadful self-accusing thought that his course had driven her to self-destruction. It led him to perform what he at the time sincerely felt to be an act of penance. Just as the coffin was about to be closed, he placed a book of poems in manuscript under her face. These poems, he told his friends, had been written when she was suffering, and he meant the only copy that he had of them to go with her to the grave. This, though perhaps fantastic, was at any rate sincere at the time. But later, when the memory of his wife had grown dim and his artist's vanity more keen, he yielded to the persuasion of his intimates, and decided to open the grave and recover his poems. Permission had to be got from the Home Secretary; and then, in the dead of night, a fire was built beside the grave, the coffin was raised and opened and the poems recovered, stained and mouldy, but still legible. No wonder that Mr. Benson says: "It is impossible to resist a certain feeling of horror at the episode. Such grace as belonged to the original act was forfeited by the recovery of the book; and there is a certain taint about the literary ambition which could thus violate the secrecy of the grave, however morbid the original sacrifice may have been." It was, however, very like Rossetti.

Mr. Benson notes that some of the dislike which has attached to Rossetti's memory is due to the absurdities and follies of the ultra-æsthetic school that sprang up after his death,—"the *epigoni* who took up in a self-conscious and superficial way the ideas which were popularly supposed to have actuated his teaching, and used them as a means of gaining notoriety and social distinction." These persons were justly and amusingly satirised by Du Maurier in *Punch* and by Gilbert in *Patience,* and their affectations were traced to the example of Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelites. But the Postlethwaites and Maudles and Bunthornes would have been scorned by him. He used to say: "I can't get on with men who are not men of the world," and neither he nor his associates spoke any such jargon as the South Kensington æsthetes invented. On the contrary, Rossetti's speech was first of all expressive and idiomatic, and secondarily tinged with slang. Where the Bunthornes spoke of anything as "precious," Rossetti would have called it "stunning." Here is a note from him to Madox Brown which shows his general style:

> "A few blokes and coves are coming at eight or so on Friday evening to participate in oysters and obloquy. Will you identify yourself with them and their habits?"

In fact, Rossetti and all the rest of the "blokes and coves" had invariably the saving grace of humour.

Later in life, Rossetti became successful and at the same time cynical. His brush brought him in an income of more than $20,000 a year, and he spent it lavishly, keeping no accounts, but having a drawerful of loose money into which he dipped at will. He cared nothing for the restraints of morality. "He loved swiftly and almost unscrupulously." Yet from 1867, he ceased in some sense to be wholly responsible for his actions. Afflicted by insomnia, he fell a victim to

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the chloral habit, until, it is said, he would take the incredible amount of 170 grains in a single night. His eyesight gradually failed him. He became afflicted with the most peculiar hallucinations. He imagined that all those whom he met —cabmen, casual passers-by, and even his nearest friends—were grossly insulting him. He at last came to fancy that even the birds in his garden had been trained to cry out vile epithets when he appeared. Yet he still painted with wonderful freshness and skill, and not until near the end was his intellectual power seriously impaired. He died, however, soon after a paralytic stroke, in 1882, and ended a life that was one of a strangely morbid interest. In judging it, one should remember that Rossetti was really far more of an Italian than an Englishman, and that many of his singularities appeared so, in a great degree, because the background for their display was London rather than Rome or Naples. Much may be pardoned to the creator of "Fiametta," of "Lilith," and of "Sir Galahad,"—to mention only a few of his great conceptions, and to the poet who gave the world the strangely subtle, strangely bitter lines of *Jenny*. *Rafford Pyke.*

III.

Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton.*

Few persons deeply interested in English literature will not feel under deep obligations to Mr. Norton for his willingness to publish these letters, as well as for the graceful dignity and consummate skill of the comment which accompanies them. They are clearly documents of the very first importance in English letters. Not only are they a continuous record of Ruskin's intellectual and emotional life from 1856 on, and thus almost completely supplement the unfinished *Præterita,* but they have the advantage over *Præterita* in being records contemporary to the fact, and thus not subject to contamination through subsequent changes of mood and of memory. They were not written, as was *Præterita,* in the spirit of an "apologia," but in that of purest friendship, merely as the spontaneous record of his inner as well as his outer life. They gain additional value, moreover, from the fact that Ruskin was addressing a person of Mr. Norton's special temperament as a man and as a scholar. Always without real constraint, Ruskin seems plainly to be curbing the whims in which he often indulged in his other correspondence. He was writing not only to one of his dearest friends, but to one at a great distance, to one who would weigh his words, to a man of wide and accurate information, of much learning in the history of the arts, and of unusually calm and clear judgment,—to one who, in brief, was more competent intellectually to understand and to judge him than any one else with whom he was in contact. In these letters to his younger mentor, therefore, Ruskin constantly tended to put his ideas into their least erratic and most intellectual form, to be his sanest and wisest and most lovable self.

In point of style, too, these letters are thoroughly delightful. There is not the least shadow of self-consciousness, of writing for posterity, not a touch of the literary artificiality which repels us in the correspondence of many of his contemporaries. From first to last they are sincere, genuine, unstudied, though carefully meditated, letters, and hence even more than usually full of his own extraordinary charm of style and manner. Aside, too, from any deeper interest, they are full of delight in their presentation of the golden age of expertship in art, when discoveries of importance lay almost at the surface, when the weight of erudition was not too heavy for young shoulders, when collectors had not yet developed their specialties, and each unmindful of completeness enjoyed to the full his antiquarian treasures. In their affectionate enthusiasm for the monuments of the middle ages, these two men remind one strongly of the princely Italian scholars of the Renaissance, liberal of expense, and zealous alike to enjoy and to share the precious memorials of their cherished period.

With just reticence and balance of judgment, Mr. Norton sums up the work of his friend. Ruskin was to him a man of rare and brilliant genius, who accomplished much in a wayward fashion and

*Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton. Two vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1904. $4.00.

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left much undone, but whose life was, at the best, broken, and whose career from middle life onward might well be regarded as one of dissolution. Viewed in this way, Ruskin's life becomes one of great pathos. He speaks of himself when scarcely more than forty as an old gentleman, and though the phrase is in part jocular, one can read between the lines as well as in them that at a time of life when men are now just girding themselves for their real work in the fulness of physical and intellectual power, Ruskin felt that his bodily and mental strength was on the wane. We gain thus the impression of a man whose exquisite sensibility marked him out while young as pre-eminently fitted for the career of a critic of the arts; but whose fatal defects of training, of temperament, and of physique, led him constantly away from the subjects he could best treat, and resulted in the dissipation of his energies, the dispersion of his fortune, the breaking of his physical powers, and the overthrow of his reason.

But later generations may perhaps read the record otherwise, and judge Ruskin's career to be one rather of evolution than of dissolution. His fervid temperament, his religious training, his lovable and sympathetic character, his remarkable insight, marked him out as a great teacher of social ethics, and not merely as a great critic of the arts. Thus considered, his career becomes one of almost harmonious development. What kept him from the fullest realisation of his destiny would then be not defects of temperament or of physical nature, but those of training and opportunity. His misfortune was that he was an only son of a man of wealth; that he was all his life coddled and protected and taught to live a life of isolated luxury, apart from the actual and pressing necessities of community life. At first merely inclined to revel in the delights of artistic enjoyment, the religious and sympathetic sides of his nature spurred on his intellect to the task of giving to art a higher basis in its relations to social life. It soon began to dawn upon him that great art was essentially associated with a healthy community life, and from that time his work took on a new meaning. To develop that idea, however, under his disabilities of training, was at his age more than even a genius could accomplish. He saw clearly our comparatively primitive social status, and was prophet enough to foresee and foretell the changes that must slowly or swiftly occur before the community can reach such a state of sanity that the fine arts may well flourish therein. But the solution of the problem lay along the lines of economic and municipal organisation; and, brilliant as he was in his statement of social wrongs, he was too ignorant and too badly trained to demonstrate clearly their existence and to indicate the remedy. Had his earlier life been different, could he have served for a season on a Gloucester fisherman, or shared the trials and perils of an overland emigrant train,—could he in any way have worked with his hands among free and open-minded men and realised their capacities for organisation, and could he further have had the training in leadership and in finance which his own father's large business could have given him, he might have been such a leader in social organisation as the century longed for in vain. But, viewed in this way, as I say, his progress is straight onwards, away from the accident of connoisseurship in the arts, and toward the larger goal of usefulness as a master of social ethics.

Ruskin's comments on his contemporaries are interesting; indeed, the volumes are full of details worth referring to here, were it not that the statement of the larger elements mentioned above —on which these letters throw a more direct light than the authorised biology of Mr. Collingwood or even the sympathetic study by Mr. Harrison—has left no opportunity. He appreciated Emerson and Lowell, though he thought the former's essay on "Compensation" "must have been written when he was very comfortable," and that the latter "speaks of Dante as if Dante were a forward schoolboy and Lowell his master." America he thought ugly; but it was his misfortune not to have known the wonderful beauty of our mountain and desert wildernesses. The Civil War he refers to with mingled indifference and irritation; but he did not understand the magnitude of the unseen issues, and he was deeply brooding over more abstract problems of universal welfare. Throughout we find expressions of pain and regret, but never of petulance, and we close

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the volumes with a greater admiration and a deeper respect for John Ruskin.

G. R. Carpenter.

IV.

Mr. Brouner's "Chinese Made Easy."*

We have to remark at the outset, that one of the two authors of this work, Dr. Brouner, is a clinical assistant under the Faculty of Medicine and has no connection with the Department of Chinese of Columbia University. It is not clear how far his co-operation goes and what share in the publication falls to him as compared with Mr. Fung Yuet Mow. The title of the book, *Chinese Made Easy,* should not be misunderstood. What the authors teach is not the Mandarin dialect, understood by the educated classes all over China, but a local dialect of the Canton province. Students intending to go to any other part of China for practical work will be sorely disappointed if they have begun their studies with this book. Only those who are to work among the Cantonese natives, including many of the Chinese residents in the United States, may find it of some use. Whether the book is preferable to other handbooks by virtue of its method is a matter of individual taste. Professor Giles, who strongly recommends it in the introduction written especially for it, is himself the author of a book entitled *Chinese Without a Teacher.* There is no lack of such books as applied to other languages. We have French, German, Italian, etc., "without a teacher" and "in so many lessons." An energetic man may derive some benefit from them, but the difficulties of the Chinese language are of a different kind. The work before us is gotten up with considerable care, and a man who has gone through it from beginning to end ought to know something of the language; yet it has serious drawbacks, of which we shall mention just a few.

One of the chief difficulties attending the study of Chinese dialects generally, and in particular that of the Canton dialect, are *the tones.* Dr. Eitel is perfectly correct in saying in the introduction (p. 28) of his *Chinese Dictionary in the Cantonese Dialect*: "It is impossible to give any one, by mere description, an accurate conception of the tones of any Chinese dialect. No rules regarding the intonations can be made intelligible without the aid of the teacher's voice. The tones must be learned from the lips of a Chinaman, the ear of the student must be trained by listening, and the voice of the student drilled by constant practice to imitate, without assuming an unnatural pitch of voice, the tonal variations of Chinese speech." The study of the tones is particularly important in the Canton dialect. This branch of the study has been unfortunately omitted altogether in this book, and the student who does not wish to go astray is bound to have a teacher by his side in every case, in order to supplement this feature, so indispensable to the colloquial student.

The spelling which the authors have selected in representing Chinese sounds may be practical for a student of none but the crudest linguistic education, but it will never do for a man wishing to carry his studies beyond the scope of this book. We may fairly expect any one who undertakes to dive into the difficulties of an Oriental language to acquaint himself with the principles of phonetic spelling adopted, with comparatively slight deviations, by all modern writers on linguistic subjects. To a tolerably well educated person it will be sufficient to be told that vowels should be pronounced as in German or Italian; it will not be necessary to spell "char" for *ch'a* (tea), or "high" for *hai* (to be), or "harp" for *hop* (to unite, p. 15, cf. p. 45). But even if we could admit the utility of thus saving a little trouble to the untrained beginner, we have to take into consideration the great drawback arising from the fact that this out-of-the-way orthography is confined to this one book. The student who may have gone through it is sure to desire to continue his study, and for this purpose he has to use dictionaries and other works leading to a deeper knowledge of the language, all of which favour the scientific spelling, when he will be placed under the necessity of getting accustomed to another orthography. In the face of

*Chinese Made Easy. By Walter Brooks Brouner, A.B., M.D., of Columbia University, and Fung Yuet Mow, Chinese Missionary in the City of New York, with an introduction by Herbert A. Giles, M.A., LL.D.

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all the modern dictionaries and handbooks of the Canton dialect having adopted some scientific phonetic system, *Chinese Made Easy* is a new departure. Its spelling adapted to a French phrase book would lead to such examples as *"arvay-voo parlay ar mong pare?"* or *"Commang voo portay-voo?"*

However faithfully the Chinese co-author may have rendered the sounds of the dialect spoken in his particular home, it is not even pure Cantonese he places before us in *Chinese Made Easy*. A few instances will show what we mean. *Shui,* "water," he renders by *soo-e;* and so, throughout the book, the initial *sh* is changed into *s*. Another departure from what is known as pure Cantonese is the spelling *jeye,* "a child" (p. 52) for *tsai.* The *patois* nature of the transcription is also shown in certain finals. On p. 75 the well-known term for "the hundred surnames," or "the people," which is rendered by *pak-sing* in Williams's and Eitel's Dictionaries, is spelled *bart-sun.* The finals in both syllables are certainly wrong as far as standard Cantonese is concerned. We do not wish to say that it is wrong from the native author's point of view, but it must be looked upon as a localism, if he consistently substitutes the final *t* for standard *k* in examples like *kart* for *kak,* "partition" (p. 11), *bart* for *pak,* "white" (p. 17), *dut* for *tak,* "can" (p. 78), *mot* for *mak,* "ink" (p. 36), or *jart* for *chak,* "to select" (p. 95). The authors spell *sarn* for *shan,* "a hill" (p. 95), and the same spelling, *sarn,* is made to stand for *sing,* "a province" (p. 203). With other words, sounds that are kept separate as entirely different are united under the same spelling. Why, we venture to ask, does he not express the final *ng,* heard in all the Chinese dialects known to Europeans, if he has it in *lung,* a dragon (p. 178)?

The *San-tzï-king,* or "Three Character Classic," called in the author's spelling *Sarm Chee Kun,* with Professor Giles's translation, is decidedly a useful addition to the book. Being in the hands of all Chinese schoolboys, when beginning to read their own language, this little book has had a decided influence on the development of the written language at the hands of modern writers; but this is, in our opinion, not a sufficient reason why *Chinese Made Easy* should be regarded as a work from which to study the written language, the mysteries of which are far from being explained in it. The Chinese text of the *San-tzï-king* is well printed in large, bold characters and may be recommended for the purpose of writing exercises and phraseological study.

Friedrich Hirth.

V.

Mr. Paine's "Thomas Nast."*

Nowadays, when even the minor daily paper in a small city is as likely as not to have its own cartoonist, when it is an easy matter to reel off the names of fifty men in the country who can hit off pictorially the march of events with ability, and to select perhaps a dozen who can do so with decided talent, when passing history in caricature is a feature of so many of our monthly and weekly periodicals, it is not an easy matter to realise at once the full significance of the unique position which Thomas Nast held for so many years. In the first place, as Mr. Paine points out in the concluding chapter of his book, the merit of the modern cartoon lies mainly in its technique and the clever statement of an existing condition. It is likely to be the echo of a policy, a reflection of public sentiment, or a record of daily events. Nast's cartoons, on the other hand, were a manifest, a protest, or a prophecy. They did not follow public events, but preceded them; they did not echo public sentiment, but moulded it. Behind them were passionate convictions of right and principle. Men, women, and children were stirred by them to the depths of their being. Nast was continually in the public eye; his every utterance was watched and considered. President Lincoln called Nast's war pictures the best recruiting sergeants on the side of the Union; President Roosevelt has said that it was from Nast's cartoons that he first learned politics. At the time that he was hurling, week after week, his terrible pictures against Tweed, five hundred thousand dollars in gold were indirectly offered him by the Ring to

*Thomas Nast. His Period and His Pictures. By Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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cease his attacks, while it was hinted more than once that assassination might be his fate if he continued them.

Mr. Paine's book is an exceptionally good piece of work. He has not attempted a minute personal biography; he has given a series of striking pictures, which enable one to look over Nast's shoulder, so to speak, and to study at close range some of the most stirring periods in the history of the nation and of New York City. Nast himself is always there; one has glimpses of his home life, and of his brief rests from labour and strife; but in the main it is a narrative of the exciting scenes with which the artist's life was bound up—the Heenan-Morrissey and Heenan-Sayers fights, the campaign with Garibaldi, Washington at the outbreak of the Civil War, the long struggle between North and South, the battle against the Tweed Ring, the campaigns of 1872, 1876, 1880, and 1884.

Thomas Nast was born September 27, 1840, in Landau, Bavaria. His father was a musician in the Ninth Regiment Bavarian band. Before Thomas Nast was six years old the family left Germany and came to New York. In his study of art Nast was handicapped by the primitive methods in vogue at that time, but he persevered, and at the age of fifteen he presented himself at the door of *Frank Leslie's Weekly* with a bundle of drawings under his arm. There he found employment at a salary of four dollars a week. He remained with *Leslie's* for some years, and in October, 1858, he was assigned to report the Morrissey-Heenan fight, which took place at Long Point, Canada. This battle led to the great international contest between Heenan and Sayers, and for the purpose of covering this for the *News* young Nast sailed for England in the middle of February, 1860. It is doubtful if there has ever been a sporting event which approached the international fight in public importance. England and America were not on the best of terms and feeling was high. The battle took place at Aldershot, and men of every degree were at the ringside. Business of every sort was suspended. Parliament adjourned for the occasion. It was as if the best days of Belcher and Cribb had returned. Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, deplored the popular excitement over the event, but expressed strong hopes that Sayers would prove the winner. Nast had visited both men in their training quarters, and after the battle Heenan proved a friend in need to the young draughtsman, advancing him the money that enabled him to go to Italy to follow the campaign of Garibaldi.

Nast returned to America in the early part of 1861, just before the outbreak of the War of Secession, and found his paper, the *News*, in a bad way. The company was soon reorganised, however, and the new proprietors gave him the employment which enabled him to marry. His union to Miss Sarah Edwards took place September 27, 1861.

At the time of the inauguration of President Lincoln Nast had been ordered to Washington by his paper. He has left a wonderfully graphic picture of the gloom and anxiety which hung over the city. Knots of men on the street corners conversed in whispers. Military was carefully posted to prevent hostile demonstrations. The city drew a great breath of relief when the ceremonies were over, and there had been no outbreak. Yet the tension was not relaxed. The men who had sworn that Lincoln should not take his seat were not gone. Night came down brooding danger.

"It seemed to me that the shadow of death was everywhere. I had endless visions of black funeral parades, accompanied by mournful music. It was as if the whole city were mined, and I know now that this was figuratively true. A single yell of defiance would have inflamed a mob. A shot would have started a conflict. In my room at the Willard Hotel I was trying to work. I picked up my pencils and laid them down as many as a dozen times. I got up at last and walked the floor. Presently in the rooms next mine other men were walking. I could hear them in my silence. My head was beginning to throb, and I sat down and pressed my hands to my temples.

"Then all at once, in the Ebbett House across the way a window was flung up and a man stepped out on the balcony. The footsteps about me ceased. Everybody had heard the man and was watching breathlessly to see what he would do. Suddenly, in a rich, powerful voice, he began to sing the 'Star Spangled Banner.'

"The result was extraordinary. Windows were thrown up. Crowds gathered on the streets. A multitude of voices joined the

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song. When it was over the street rang with cheers. The men in the rooms next mine joined me in the corridors. The hotel came to life. Guests wept and flung their arms about one another. Dissension and threat were silenced. It seemed to me, and I believe to all of us, that Washington had been saved by the inspiration of an unknown man with a voice to sing that grand old song of songs."

Nast's experiences during the Garibaldi campaign had done much to fit him for the work now at hand. He knew how a battle looked and how men acted under fire, and he found steady employment, first with the *News,* then for a time with *Frank Leslie's,* and finally with *Harper's Weekly,* which he was to serve for so many years. In the pages of the *Weekly* during 1862, 1863 and 1864 appeared some of his most famous allegorical sketches. It must be remembered that it was not till some years later that Nast became a caricaturist in the full sense of the word. The most famous of these pictures entitled "Compromise with the South," which was used by the million as a campaign document, Mr. Paine has not included in his book. Lincoln was not alone in his appreciation of the vast value of the Nast pictures. General Grant when asked, "Who is the foremost figure in civil life developed by the Rebellion?" replied, without hesitation, "*I* think Thomas Nast. He did as much as any one man to preserve the Union and bring the war to an end."

Before the Convention of 1868 it had been pretty well settled that General Grant would be the Republican candidate, and Nast prepared a little surprise for the event. He painted upon a large curtain the White House entrance with two pedestals, one on each side, bearing the words "Republican Nominee, Chicago, May 20th," and "Democratic Nominee, New York, July 4th," respectively. On the Republican pedestal was seated the figure of Grant, while Columbia stood pointing to the empty place opposite. Below were the words, "Match Him!" This curtain, with a blank curtain before it, was suspended at the back of the Convention stage. At the instant when General Grant was announced as the unanimous presidential choice, the blank curtain was raised and "Match Him!" curtain exposed to full view. For a moment there was absolute silence, the occurrence was so unexpected. Then the great hall broke into a pandemonium of cheers.

Despite the vast extent and variety of his achievement as a cartoonist and a political force, Thomas Nast will always be remembered first of all in connection with his crusade against the Tweed Ring. With the beginning of 1870 the government of the city of New York was entirely in the hands of four men, W. M. Tweed ("Boss" Tweed), Peter B. Sweeny ("Brains"), Richard B. Connolly ("Slippery Dick"), and A. Oakly Hall ("O. K." Hall or O. K. Haul). These men controlled every public office in the city, the Tammany Mayor and a working majority in the State legislature. By a system of gigantic pilferings the Ring, in a period of less than thirty months, defrauded New York of thirty million dollars, emptied the treasury and added more than fifty millions to the public debt. Almost single handed, Thomas Nast, beginning as early as 1867, had been assailing the corrupt city government, and by 1869 he had singled out the chief criminals for his attack. His best friends urged him to desist, regarding the battle as hopeless, and predicting that it would bring the artist to certain disaster. But Nast was not to be dissuaded, and week after week his cartoons appeared in *Harper's Weekly,* each more bitter and blasting and outspoken than the one which had preceded it. At first the Ring merely laughed. The men composing it believed themselves to be so firmly entrenched that no power could disturb them. But soon this laughter became uneasy. Other forces came to join in the crusade which Nast had begun. Such terrible pictures as "Tweedeldee and Sweedeldum," "Under the Thumb," "The Brains of Tammany," "'Twas Him," and above all the great arena spectacle showing the Tammany Tiger loose, began to arouse suspicion against the Ring among the very people upon whom it had relied for its support. The arrogant and contemptuous attitude summed up in the historic "What are you going to do about it?" changed to uneasiness, distrust, dismay, until after the publication of Connolly's fraudulent accounts in the *Times* it became a veritable *sauve qui peut.* The part that Nast played in bringing this

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about may be seen from the following anecdote.

Nast had refused an offer to send him to Europe to study art under the world's masters.

"The following Sunday an officer of the Broadway Bank, where the Ring kept its accounts, called on Nast at his home. He talked of a number of things. Then he said:

"'I hear you have been made an offer to go abroad for art study.'

"'Yes,' said Nast. 'But I can't go. I haven't time.'

"'But they will pay you for your time. I have reason to believe you could get a hundred thousand dollars for the trip.'

"'Do you think I could get two hundred thousand?'

"'Well, possibly. I believe from what I have heard in the bank that you might get it. You have a great talent, but you need study and you need rest. Besides the Ring business will get you into trouble. They own all the judges and all the jurors, and can get you locked up for libel. My advice is to take the money and get away.'

"'Don't you think I could get five hundred thousand dollars to make that trip?'

"The bank official scarcely hesitated.

"'You can. You can get five hundred thousand dollars in gold to drop this Ring business and get out of the country.'

"Nast laughed a little. He had played the game far enough.

"'Well, I don't think I'll do it,' he said. 'I made up my mind not long ago to put some of those fellows behind the bars, *and I am going to put them there.*'

"The banker rose, rather quietly.

"'Only be careful, Mr. Nast, that you don't put yourself in a coffin.'

"It was not until two years later that he met Nast one day on Broadway.

"'My God! Nast,' he said, 'you did it, after all.'"

The years that followed were years of recognition and prosperity. Nast had become a power which no party nor candidate could afford to ignore. No great question could come up where his pencil did not influence thousands of minds. And despite the vast amount of labour of these years of plenty he found time for other interests and pleasures, occasional visits to Europe and lecturing tours. In the campaign of 1872 his powerful drawings did much to riddle the candidacy of Greeley, and to hold up the inconsistencies of the man to the public gaze. In 1876 and 1880 his pencil was still pledged to the support of the Republican Party, but in 1884, like so many of the Reformers, he was a strong advocate of the candidacy of Mr. Cleveland. This was the second great campaign of caricature, and in it Nast had arrayed against him such formidable foemen as Hamilton, Waud and Frank Beard. His defection from the Republican ranks was bitterly resented, and he became the victim of a great amount of newspaper violence. One Pennsylvania editor printed at the head of his editorial column: "Tom Nast, the libellous caricaturist, has become a drunken sot and a barroom loafer," a statement which the artist exhibited with relish to his friends and family. But success was dearly bought. He had lost friends by the hundred and made enemies by the thousand. From this time on his power and popularity were on the wane. Before the campaign of 1888 had begun in earnest Thomas Nast had severed connections with *Harper's Weekly*. His great career was at an end.

There was still a demand for his work, but this demand was never satisfactory nor enduring. It was a matter of drifting from one publication to another. *Nast's Weekly*, established in 1892, lived but a few months, and Thomas Nast, still in the prime of life, was "out of the running." He himself, of course, was the last to comprehend that the world no longer wanted his work. At first he had been incredulous, then amazed. Finally he was heartbroken. Such pictures as he could dispose of appeared in the newspaper syndicates and trade journals. Finally even this market failed him. As years went by there grew up an impression that the Thomas Nast who had smashed Tweed was dead. This was the only reason to which people could contribute his obscurity. Allusions to "the late Thomas Nast" pained him deeply, but he seldom let the wound appear. Sometimes he said, "Well, I suppose I shall go on like this till I am eighty. Who will care? Tommy Nast, you're dead! I feel like a caged animal—so helpless."

In March, 1902, Nast received from Secretary of State Hay a letter offering him the Consul-Generalship to Ecuador.

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He accepted, but it was with a strong feeling of impending disaster that he bade good-bye to his home and family and started for his post. This feeling runs through all the letters which he wrote from South America—letters that are wonderfully pathetic—the letters of a man who is trying to hide his loneliness and heartache behind a smile. In one of the last he writes:

"One of the dogs came in the hall to-day to die. John took him out. There was a great howling and snapping. He was pretty far gone and weak. I have not seen a good-looking dog in this town—dirty, starved and wild. They carry infection and spread fever and disease. They fight all night, and eat refuse thrown into the street from the houses.

"Yellow fever people do not say anything about the 'grip' they have here. The doctors say that there are a great many cases of it. I myself know five persons that had it, and they all thought they had the yellow fever. I find it very crampy, too. My limbs get stiff and crampy. It must be the draughts one gets after being so hot and moist. I wake in the night with cramps and such stiffness in shoulders and arms, but I must not forget I am getting old. It is funny, though, no matter what you have, the natives all come to the conclusion that it is the yellow fever."

In this paragraph it is not improbable that he gave the earliest symptoms of his own illness. A few days later he wrote complaining of the long delay in the mails. He wanted to hear from home—to have something to be thankful for on Thanksgiving Day. This letter was next to the last. Within hours yellow fever set in, and, after lingering for a week, Thomas Nast died on Sunday morning, December 6, 1902.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

VI

Frank Danby's "Baccarat."*

For deliberate, intentional, cold-blooded cruelty Frank Danby's *Baccarat* surpasses anything that the present reviewer has read for a good many years, not excepting the same author's *Pigs in Clover*. It is a cruelty so unprovoked, so unjustifiable, and so unrelieved that no man—not even the most cynical of Latin realists—would have been capable of writing it just as it is written. Guy de Maupassant, an infinitely finer artist than Frank Danby, in *Une Vie* deliberately planned a novel that was to be cruel—and he had great abilities that way. He took a young girl of pure, refined and delicate nature, and carried her to old age through a life of continual disappointment and disillusionment, in which every bit of knowledge brought its pang of poignant sorrow. Into her cup he injected every element of plausible bitterness. Each crisis of her life opened her eyes to some hitherto unseen baseness. All about her was deceit and infamy. Her father, her mother, her foster sister and her husband, finally her son—in none was she allowed to retain belief. For none could she cherish respect. There is not an episode in the book that is not intentionally unpleasant, but the feeling with which one lays it aside is one of profound sadness rather than the bitterness, disgust and protest with which one turns from Mrs. Frankau's novel. With the exception of the heroine, there is hardly in *Une Vie* a character who is not ignoble. The punishment meted out to each is more or less inevitable and deserved. On the other hand, the misery and suffering inflicted upon the people of *Baccarat* is wholly out of proportion. The book is deliberately cruel, viciously cruel.

John Courtney and his wife have been married and have lived together happily in Southampton for nine years, when an evil chance sends them to a watering place on the Normandy coast for their summer's holiday. The wife, Julie, was the daughter of the Baron de Courvoisier, a *viveur* of the old school, a confirmed and impoverished gamester, whom John had known when he was barely out of his teens and when Julie was a little girl in a French convent. At the age of seventeen Julie had been brought hurriedly to England, but arrived too late to see her father alive. She was homeless and practically penniless, and was about to return for life to her convent when John Courtney married her. It is the depth of the love which she gave him and the happiness of their existence, their common joy in home and children, that heightens the repulsiveness of the later chapters of the book. The same evil chance which sends them

*Baccarat. By Frank Danby. Philadelphia: The Lippincott Company.

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to Coburg makes it necessary for John Courtney to leave his wife and children there and return to England. Julie is invited to the Casino, and at the sight of the gaming tables the blood of her father courses madly through her veins. Night after night she takes her place in front of the baccarat table, oblivious of everything but the spotted cards before her. Her success at first makes the inevitable disaster more complete. When the reality of her position dawns upon her her one thought is to recoup, and this thought leads her foolishly to rely upon Leon Diderot, the shifty-eyed Belgian croupier, who bears a strong resemblance to the Louis Alphaus of *Pigs in Clover*. A moment of madness, brought on by a champagne supper, the morning after, when, on awakening, she presses her hands to her eyes to shut off the memory of what seems a horrible dream, and Julie forsakes the children and the husband she loves so well and goes to Paris with the croupier, whom she loathes. There she is taken ill, and there she is found by John Courtney, who carries her back to England. Unpleasant as these chapters are, they are nothing compared to those in the latter part of the story. There is a suggestion of one of the most unsavoury scenes of Maupassant's *L'Heritage,* and the idea which haunts John Courtney is substantially the idea of d'Annunzio's *The Intruder*. *Baccarat* is a strong story —don't read it. *Stanhope Searles.*

VII.

Miss Litchfield's "The Letter D."*

Miss Litchfield is one of those authors who write few books, but the few that she does write are graced by a finished style, and seldom fail to impress the reader with a certain sense of ease and luxury, which the too prolific author cannot give and which the leisurely reader often craves.

In the little village of Wendover dwell the characters of *The Letter D:* two maiden sisters and their niece Constance; the Doane family, of which Geoffrey is the oldest; the Reverend Mr. Dunbar and his son Robert, friend and law partner of Geoffrey; and Miss McIntyre, a clever character study. Constance is a coldly beautiful woman, who by something indescribably unattainable exercises a strong influence over men. When she goes to Wendover to visit her aunt she meets Geoffrey and finds in him a lamentable lack of concentration and force. He offers her his love, but she stipulates that he must do something worth while, urging him to write a book. By this request, she unconsciously becomes a temptress. Geoffrey is merely a dilettante in literature, but he forthwith begins a novel. As it happens, his friend, Robert Dunbar, who has the reserve of a really strong nature, comes to him and confesses that, unknown to anyone, he has written a novel and has called it *The Requital*. As Geoffrey reads it, he sees that his friend has done what he should have done, that his work is paltry by comparison, and that Constance may now discover that it is Robert for whom she cares. There is a bitter scene between the two men in their law office one night, when Geoffrey scoffs at the work of his friend, and when Robert leaves him disheartened and embittered. The next day the news is spread in Wendover that Robert Dunbar has met with a serious accident at the railway station, and that his life hangs on a thread. After many weeks he is restored to health, but his mind is blank. He is a man without a past. His father is a stranger to him. He looks at Ruth Doane, the girl to whom he was engaged, and wonders why she seems so odd and so sad. Geoffrey suffers in silence, while his love for Constance increases with the temptation which assails him. The sight of Robert's manuscript haunts him. Then comes a happy day in the Doane household when it is known that *The Requital* has been accepted and that their idol is an author. Geoffrey, for some reason or other, will not allow his publishers to use his name, preferring that the letter "D" alone should stand on the title-page.

The interest in the story lies in the struggle between Geoffrey's conscience and his heart, and in the pathetic figure of Robert, the man of genuine talent; its faults in the leniency with which Miss Litchfield portrays Geoffrey and in her idealisation of Constance, with whom many readers will wish to quarrel.

F. M. Holly.

*The Letter D. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New York: Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

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AMANDA OF THE MILL*

By Marie Van Vorst

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Grismore had not been married three months before she discovered that her husband's character was one which a woman of delicate sensibility must loathe. And in her unhappiness she withdrew from the world. Her dignity and demeanour demanded that Grismore should be at his best with her, and he sincerely tried to control the habit which reduced him to a level so far below her own. He drank steadily, and as she yearly discovered in his dealings with men the spirit of marked greed and cruelty, she thanked God they were childless; her own fortune was large, and her income (over which she alone had control, her capital not at her disposal until death) she freely devoted to the furthering of her husband's interests. He was successful, and when the tide turned toward the South, as a good speculation in the eyes of New England mill men, Mrs. Grismore consented to go to Rexington to live. They had lived there more than ten years, and yet she had never been inside of a mill. Her husband being absent on a protracted trip north, she decided one day to go through Crompton, and accordingly, a little after the noon hour, entered the great mill by way of the baling department and passed into the weave-rooms.

The looms, all in operation, stretching in level rows, clanged, clashed, and pounded out their eternal repeated history. To her unaccustomed ears there was no monotony in this dreadful noise. She was fresh to its impressions, and the clamour, as the shuttles tore their way through the warp, took shape in words not all incomprehensible to the manufacturer's wife. She heard in them the conglomerate voice of the mill, and she chose to think that it spoke to her.

Looking up, Bachman recognised at once Mrs. Grismore as she stood bewildered in the doorway, not knowing whither to turn. He greeted his employer's wife with much politeness, and his keen eyes observed the expression of her face; indeed, the Yankee's affable, common-sense attitude said as plainly as words:

"Don't waste sentiment here! The mills represent progress; of course, necessary evils are at hand here, as in all institutions. They will disappear. We *are* Progress! We represent Education, Advancement—Civilisation. . . . And if you look about, and these beneficent things do not at first seem to have comprised the Cotton-Spinner in their embrace, it is solely because he is not ready for them . . . he is himself a factor creating a future perfection in which his distant descendants shall partake."

Above the bedlam of the looms she cried in his ears:

"I have come to *see* the mills; but it is so deafening . . . that I am only conscious of the sense of hearing . . . *I can't see* anything! Is it all so dreadfully loud?" She shuddered. "What a nightmare! What an atmosphere! How do they breathe? How do they keep their senses? They grow deaf, I am sure." She covered her ears.

"Oh, they're used to it!" he consoled her. "They don't mind."

"Indeed!" Her tone was ironical. "I am sorry to think it can be. To be used to such a life, fourteen hours of it, and not mind it. It's too degraded to contemplate!"

Just what ardent, far-reaching schemes she planned as she followed the boss upstairs to the spool-room, Crompton was never directly to know or benefit by in her name.

Before her the room, long and low, ran the length of the mill. Through the windows the southern sunshine poured; on its beams rode and floated the motes of cotton ever rising from the unhealthy floors. In front of the frames about fifty women and children walked unceasingly to and fro, whilst agile hands grasped the fly-spools unerringly, clutched them, holding for a second in the palms the power of the mill.

The spoolers — miserable, untidy, frowsy-headed, dirty-faced—were, never-

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theless, the most decent of the operatives, for here the air was best, the work cleanest and lightest.

"Now, there's a smart little girl, Mrs. Grismore."

The spooler he indicated appeared to be about twelve years old; strong, vigorous, she stood well on her bare, dirty legs. She gave an impertinent look at the overseer, and went stolidly on with her work.

"She makes forty cents a day; never loses an hour. She's a prize hand, strong as a boy."

Mrs. Grismore considered the girl. The lines of her face were heavy and sullen, her thick lips blackened with the use of snuff, the powerful little hands grasping the flying spools indicated to the reader of humanity distinct capabilities for strong good and evil. She was formed; the rounded hips, the well-filled chest revealed her already a woman. She would not bend, this sturdy little branch, and it would take years to break her.

"How long has she been at the work?"

"Only a few months. Her mother's a widow; works in the near room; there are five children, all in the mill."

This was home—the American household whose welfare portends so much in the making of the State and nation. The manufacturer's wife read many signs in the dark form. Brooding under those dogged, lowering brows that might corrode to discontent and anarchy an overshadowed, stunted intellect that might generate brutality—the voluptuous form which should breed desire when no morals could act as rein. Might not the little creature fiercely snatching at her spools be snatched by Fate from this horror? . . . Was she not a force as absolute, more immortal than the power of steam which for a second's space her muscular hand controlled?

So thinking, inclined to pause, yearning to act in some measure here as Fate, burning to proclaim a complete emancipation, Mrs. Grismore paused irresolute. A fellow-overseer summoned Bachman across the room, and he excused himself for a second, leaving his guest to look about her alone.

In the centre of the room was a pile of bales, and outstretched, her head against the pillow the kindly cotton made, was a young girl asleep.

Turned up to whomsoever might pause to remark was an oval face, where under the closed eyes indigo lines had drawn themselves so intensely that a little deeper would mean abrasion. Over the low brow clung a mass of short, copper-coloured hair; her nostrils were pinched, her lips drawn in against her teeth. Below the cuffs of her dress her wrists came forth painfully emaciated, and the clasped hands and claw-like nails were so dirty as to awaken actual disgust. Mrs. Grismore bent and touched the sleeper, but it required more than a touch to arouse a girl who until then had not slept for twenty-four hours. She shook her gently, until the large eyes disclosed themselves, the lids lifting unwilling, as though protesting against this cruel call to life.

"You are sick."

The cotton-spinner drew herself up painfully. She put her thin hands to her eyes as if to shield them from the sudden light.

"I'm tyard."

Mrs. Grismore bent low to her.

"I see you are. But you are ill, too."

"No," faltered the faint voice, "Ih ain't sick much; ben workin' tew long, Ih reckon."

It seemed to her as she spoke that she had worked for ever! It was her natural state, and in this inertia she felt a lifeless machine.

"What is your name?"

" 'Manda Henchley."

"Where do you work?"

Amanda looked about her; the room danced to her overwrought senses.

"Dunno."

A faint smile came to the corners of her mouth, from which life had not taken the charm; with such a smile Cally Griscom used to say, " 'Manda would fetch the byrds off'n th' trees." It was a flame animating her pallour. Why should she smile? God knew! Perhaps she was to dream again . . . to resume some vision from which this voice had called her. She made a feeble gesture with her hand, and sank back on the cotton bales.

The lips of the woman who looked at this martyr were trembling; her eyes brimmed with tears. She rose abruptly to see the little twelve-year-old child who had left her spools kneel down by Amanda.

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"Look a-hyar," she called affectionately. "'Manda!"

"You know her?"

"Snakes!" muttered the child. "Reckon Ih does! She's the bes' gyrl Ih ever see; she's jest done wo'ked twenty-four hours 'thout stoppin'."

"Twenty-four hours!" The woman's voice was expressive. "Why, pray?"

"Miss Jones's little gyrl lost her haynd; she was to the night-shif', 'n' her maw's a bad woman. She hunted her back to the mill 'fore she could stan', 'n' 'Manda, she tried to make up Milly's time."

Here Bachman came over to them with some water. Mrs. Grismore dipped her handkerchief in it, and bathed the girl's face, but the stupour of exhaustion was now beyond such gentle means.

Mrs. Grismore challenged her husband's servant with no gentleness in her tone; it was sharp and accusing, as were her flashing dark eyes.

"What do you know of this girl?"

"Why, she's just a spooler, ma'am!" he said easily, as though this classification relieved him and the world of any further responsibility.

"Who are her friends—her family?"

"She's alone—boards to the hotel."

"You mean to say she has no one to look after her?"

She had Bachman, who was only too eager to do so, but he kept this information to himself.

"No, ma'am," he said cheerfully, "not unless this little girl here wants to knock off to go home with her."

"Ih suttinly will," said the child eagerly.

But the Wheel of Fate, cogged so long at tragic and dangerous chance, began to move for Amanda. Mrs. Grismore pointed to her.

"Lift her up and carry her downstairs," she ordered the overseer.

Stunned at the command, Bachman took up the bundle of rags and dirt that Amanda was, and with what dignity he could carried her through the room. Every woman and child fastened eyes on the procession. The barefooted, tangle-haired girl watched them longest of all. They crossed the threshold, Bachman and his burden, the lady tall and awe-inspiring. Thus Amanda passed out of the mill, and the other girl returned to her spools.

CHAPTER IX.

Old Grandmaw Henchley's idea of heaven had been deliciously suited to simple conceptions, and a place certain to appeal to human nature in general.

"Et's a po'ful pretty place whar you-all gits yo' deserts, ef yo' ben good. Them ez hes ben po'ful good gits more 'n thayre deserts, 'n' the bayde folks don't git nothin' 'tall, I reckon."

And again:

"Et's a po'ful pretty place whar yo' sets round with the folks yo' likes bes', 'n' nobody don't grab 'em from yo' . . . 'n' et ain't no sin to set with 'em . . . !"

This especial bit of her grandmother's description had been Amanda's ideal Paradise since she had known Euston . . . only she was familiar, too, with the simple story:

"Et's a pretty place whar yo' rests a heap . . . 'n' thayre's pretty smells all round."

This was the heaven into which she had come.

She was at rest. In the air round her were "po'ful pretty" smells, and she lay upon clouds—seemed to sink into them cool and soft; they soothed her limbs—her hands felt brand new; her very being seemed washed, cooled, caressed.

"Amanda!"

At the sound of her name, pronounced by a voice still a continuation of the rest and caressing, she opened her eyes.

By her side stood a human being, not an angel, although in Amanda's case perhaps she might well have been so called. But the lady was only one object in a room full of dazzling things demanding wondering scrutiny.

"You mustn't be frightened, Amanda, to wake up in a strange house. You were so tired at the mill!"

"Reckon Ih was *so*," the girl murmured. "Ih was broke . . ."

"Poor child . . . poor child!" The music of the voice was such that it made the stranger feel as though her eyes must fill with tears. "Can you sit up? There, I will put my hands behind your head. . . . I have something for you to drink."

Amanda did as she was bid, and drained the beverage.

"Tastes queer!" She made a little grimace.

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"Milk and whisky," explained the lady.

"Why," said the girl, with a little smile, "you-all spiles tew good things, thataway; Ih was raised to take whisky *straight.*"

She lay back, and quietly folded her hands on the quilt.

"When Ih come tew Ih reckoned Ih was dayde 'n' thisher was heaven."

The lady sat down beside her on the bed, and between hers took one of the frail hands.

"You are at my house. I have brought you to rest here."

The girl's eyes, clear and innocent, regarded her unknown benefactress with curiosity which her politeness would not express at once.

"Ih dew think et's mighty pretty of you-all," she said softly, "'n' the haouse —et's mighty pretty tew. . . . What's that to the chimney-piece?"

There were many objects "to the chimney-piece."

"Them rayde things bobbin' top o' the green."

"You don't mean *roses,* Amanda? Those are roses."

The girl nodded.

"Yes, ma'am, I hyard 'bout 'em; rade 'bout 'em tew, but these 's the first *live ones* I ever see."

In spite of its vulgarity, her speech was agreeable, the voice sweetly cradled her words, and her mouth was so charming in form and expression that Mrs. Grismore watched it, fascinated. She rose.

"Lie still now and rest, my child, and don't think about anything."

She brought one of the roses and put it in her guest's hands.

Amanda touched it reverently, and as its delicate perfume came to her she raised it to her face with visible delight; her own colour began to come back under her wan cheeks.

"My!" she exclaimed, "how it senses to yo' hands, jest ez pretty ez et smells!" and ventured to ask a question that had puzzled her ever since she had opened her eyes. "Could you-all tale me what's that onto the walls?"

"Paper, Amanda;" and seeing this conveyed no meaning, Mrs. Grismore explained: "Flowers painted on paper, and then pasted on the walls."

"Et suttinly dew fit good," complimented the little barbarian.

Amanda had been with Mrs. Grismore only two days when she had thus awakened. Besides the natural sleep of exhaustion and stupor, she had been made to sleep still longer under the stimulus of food and medicine. But now, restored to the possession of her normal powers, the excitement and wonder of her experience would not let her lie still. So she got up and found herself before a long looking-glass, in which she saw herself reflected in the white night-dress, spotless, of a stuff so fine that it seemed like the clouds; she resembled a spirit even to herself.

"Ih suttinly dew look like Ih wuz dayde 'n' come to life," she said with Biblical paradox, and with more subtle truth than she knew.

Where was she? Whither had she come, and how? She went to the window, and her eyes were dazzled by the sunlight through which she looked down into a garden of green lawns and trees and a fountain; it was all as strange as a new world to a discoverer who runs his keel upon the shores of an enchanted island.

She turned bewildered to search for her clothes. Nothing resembling the old garments of the hills and the mills met her eyes. The chrysalis had opened and set free this little creature whose flight in time to come would be perilously near the flame! Amanda was troubled. She began to feel her weak limbs tremble, and she sought to escape. Putting her hand on the knob of the door between her room and the next, she opened it. There was the lovely woman again, whose voice alone could soothe and explain this mystery!

Mrs. Grismore rose quickly from her chair and came to Amanda. She realised at once that the mill girl's mind must be set at rest. Taking her hands tenderly and thus drawing her back into the bedroom, she said:

"Sit down here on your bed, Amanda. Listen to what I want to say to you, my child. You are not strong enough to work in the mills. . . ." Whether or not Mrs. Grismore knew of any task for which the frail piece of humanity appeared fit, she did not propose or suggest it. It was not new labour that the benefactress had in mind. "Who is there in Crompton who has a right over you? I

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have asked . . ." Mrs. Grismore chose her words tactfully. "But I can't find that anyone seems to claim you. . . ."

The lips of the cotton-spinner trembled, but she controlled the weakness; she was brave.

"Thay're ain't reg'larly a soul to Crompton what owns me," she said, and lifted her beautiful eyes with their confession of homeless waifdom in them to Mrs. Grismore. The extreme pathos of this toiling creature, so soft, so helpless, and so young, had already spoken intensely to Mrs. Grismore's empty heart. Her hands tightening over Amanda's, she said:

"I would like to take you, my child. . . . I have no one, no child; I would like to do what I can to make you forget your past, to make you happy."

Amanda did not measure the extent of this wide sweep of fortune. She asked in a hushed undertone, as though she needed some introduction to this moulder of her fate:

"What's you-all's naime?"

"I am Mrs. Grismore."

Ah . . . how the little creature snatched her hands away! She sprang like a hurt thing from the woman's side, to which she had almost clung. In her dilating eyes, her tightening lips, how plainly Mrs. Grismore read the epitome of hate and fear!

"Let me get out o' hyar," she gasped. "You-all ain't got no call to keep me!"

She would have flown all undressed as she was out of the room, but Mrs. Grismore was before her.

"Wait, Amanda, please. I understand. . . . You hate that name."

The figure of the girl, half child, half woman, stood rigid before her; the breast heaved, passion and fire and spirit animated what had been a languid little form.

"Ih ain't in his haouse, am Ih? He ain't hyar?"

"No—no!" soothed Mrs. Grismore to both questions, her soul sickening at the feelings her husband's name evoked.

"It ain't that I'm *'fraid* o' him," explained the captive, "but Ih suttinly won't tech his money. Why, don't you-all know what et's made of?" She lowered her voice, already soft. "Et's made out 'n we-all. Et's jest *rinched* out o' us. Look at me!"

She extended her meagre arms, but had no need to command Mrs. Grismore to consider her emaciated body. Mrs. Grismore would never forget it as long as her soul's eyes could recall the tragedies of life. With an exclamation of sympathy and motherhood that Amanda quivered to hear, she encircled her, and fairly carried her back to the bed. Then she bent over the shaking, excited girl, soothing, appealing, saying:

"Amanda, you do not know . . . or understand!"

It was not his money, but Mrs. Grismore's own that should care for her, clothe her, protect her. Amanda listened with hunted, uneasy eyes, that softened at last underneath a shower of love: wonderfully it lulled her. She grew calm, and in extreme weakness she lay in Mrs. Grismore's arms. Before she had promised anything or even understood what her altered life portended, she had wept a little, been soothed, and for the first time in her orphaned, starved history, as "one whom his mother comforteth," she fell asleep on a tender breast.

That night at four o'clock, the usual early hour when the brutal voice of the mills stirs its captives to rise at the breaking of day, she awoke with a start and cry and sat up in bed, dazed in the stillness that at this early hour envelops all things not doomed to serfdom. From far away came the summons of the Ralings Mills; it penetrated the film of Amanda's slumbers. Sitting bolt upright, her hands against her heart, she listened until the whistle, like an exhausted cry, subsided into silence. At the thought that in some village whose name she did not even know a like call was arousing Euston to his day's toil, her eyes filled with tears. A great outgoing of her little heart to him shook her so that she trembled like a leaf. Pale and careworn, his face came before her eyes, and she wanted him with that all-powerful desire that will make a woman go to the world's end for the man she loves, and be unconscious of sacrifice or of anything but the absorption of the impelling force. As this emotion stirred, she realised that the change in her life would further separate her from him; the fear that she might be prevented from ever seeing him again made her cold.

She sprang up out of bed, and uncon-

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scious of what she meant to do or of where she meant to go, she put on the woollen wrapper and the slippers at her bedside, and stole from the room and out into the corridor slowly filling with the grey morning.

CHAPTER X.

An act of beneficence is not always immediately followed by measure pressed down and running over poured into the human bosom. Mrs. Grismore, her soul expanding with generous sentiment and the joy at Amanda's presence, and salvation creating something akin to happiness, closed the door of the room where her new treasure slept, and turned towards her husband's study to make ready a parcel of papers for the post in obedience to a despatch received that day.

With a glance more critical and antipathetic than usual at the lining of the book shelves, Mrs. Grismore seated herself at the desk before her husband's papers, prepared to readdress his mail, and to find the contracts he had designated.

Not finding what she sought in the first drawers of the secretary, she opened them all, one after another. The last contained a wooden lid secured by a safety lock. She had never seen this drawer before. The papers might lie here; at all events, she pushed the lid with little idea that it would slide, but on this day there was nothing between herself and the unknown.

The business documents were not there, but instead was a small packet of letters —one of those packets that instantly suggest sentiment even to the most prosaic eyes—a pile of enveloped correspondence addressed in a woman's hand and tied together with a ribbon. There was also—as, after a second's hesitation, she lifted up the little bundle—a bunch of photographs and a long envelope underneath; this was the last object in the secret drawer, and she knew this documentary envelope was not what her husband had expected her to find.

Mrs. Grismore, her cheeks warming with a sense of shame, her pulses quickening with a sense of danger, untied the photographs; there were three of them.

One was of a young and handsome man with a strong, intelligent face, rather too full lips, rather too masterful brows —a face expressing a self-indulgence, an egoism too likely to engender brutality.

She had no such picture of her husband as this. It was a carte-de-visite of the sixties. He could not have been over twenty-one years old.

The second photograph was of a young girl, a sweet, pretty creature with smooth hair parted either side, an appealing face; around her throat above her simple dress was a black velvet ribbon.

There was a third picture, and on the yellow pasteboard the silhouette-like impression of those days of earlier photography designed itself faintly. The photograph was very faded, the colour of a withered leaf. The same woman older, more nearly beautiful, with deeper appeal in her eyes and an intense sadness in her face; she held close to her breast, its little head close to hers, an infant.

Mrs. Grismore turned the picture slowly over. On the back she read in the same handwriting as the letters, "Elizabeth Penryn Euston and her child, 18—."

She put the photographs down, and drew the document out of its long envelope—it was a marriage certificate. She read it several times, as if its purport, gross as it was, stultifying as it was, could only be grasped after long study; and the spirit of Age which had followed her with Shame and Despair into the library touched her lineaments as she read. Before she took up the letters, which she read one by one, she had grown old. When she had ended with the little pile of letters she carefully, methodically gathered them all together with the long document (not the one her husband had sent for!) and the photographs, and sealed, stamped, and addressed the parcel to Mr. Grismore. Then she got up and went out of the library.

* * * * *

On her way along the corridor, Amanda passed a half-opened door from behind which the light filtered out into the hall, but behind it was also the sound of weeping—a long-drawn, convulsive sobbing, a shaking, uncontrolled tempest of grief which evidently was beyond control.

She hesitated a moment, then pushed the door wide open, and went into a bed-

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room in disorder. On a sofa, thrown her full length, her head buried in her hands, was the lovely woman who had soothed her to sleep like a mother, and from whom she was ungratefully trying to escape.

Mrs. Grismore was weeping aloud with that abandon of a soul which, believing itself alone and safe in the night's solitude, dares to give grief its stormy way. Whilst her scalding tears which for hours past had burned her cheeks and seared her eyelids still fell, she felt a touch on her shoulder. If it had been the hand of the dead woman whose face had haunted her passionate thoughts all night, she could not have sprung more quickly from the couch.

But before her stood only the little mill girl, her eyes like stars.

Mrs. Grismore drew a long, shuddering breath. She had forgotten Amanda's existence. As though she had not perceived the girl, she covered her disfigured face with her hands again, and sat bowed over in silent despair. Amanda had never been confronted with sorrow like to this; its cause she could not dimly imagine, but her breast swelling with sympathy, she put her arms around the woman's neck, and laid her cheek against her hands without a word.

Mrs. Grismore was hardly conscious of her, but after a little she became sensible of the human touch close to her body; against her hands the cheek of Amanda grew warm and moist, as the sensitive little creature mingled her ready tears with hers. Mrs. Grismore, with a deep sigh, moved, disengaged herself. She said with difficulty:

"I am going away at once from Rexington. In two hours I shall be on the way to New York. I have taken you out of your life, my poor child, and I am taking myself out of mine. . . ." She paused. The older woman's heart, bereft, yearned toward this human, visibly touched comforter. She made an expressive gesture.

"I can't explain to you, Amanda!—it is too great and terrible to explain, you are too young—but my life is ruined, my heart is broken; the name of Grismore you hate, so I hate more deeply than you can. I am going away to another country. I shall never see the South again. . . . As you see me, my child, I shall be for ever—lonely, wretched. I have no one—no one in the world."

Amanda stood patiently listening, her face a lovely mirror to sympathetically reflect the other's sorrow.

"Come with me. I want you—I need you; I can give you everything in the world of comfort, education. I need you—Amanda!"

As Mrs. Grismore talked—nay, before her short flight from her bed to the door—the realisation of the truth had bitterly come to Amanda. What was she to Henry Euston? Nothing! He was her sister's husband, jealously kept; he belonged to Lily Bud, and she was deserted, cast away, forgotten. A sob shook her, and in a trembling voice she asked from this unknown one, who in a gentle way would enslave her anew, a guerdon of freedom in case Love ever made a way for its course:

"Supposin' I want to come back hyar—some day—kin I come?"

"Yes—yes—" readily promised Mrs. Grismore; "but forget whoever you think may need you now,—Amanda,—and come to me!"

With a gesture of desolate appeal, she opened her arms, and Amanda went to them.

CHAPTER XI.

Annals of lives such as Henry Euston's during his first year at Ireton are not edifying. To touch briefly on the main points is sufficient.

He turned with Lily Bud into a shanty no different to the hundred others, and went to work in the weaving-room of the old mill. Of the five hundred hands employed, he became the best operative. His work consisted of fourteen hours a day labour, broken by half an hour at noon. The average wage earned by a first-class weaver caused him to smile contemptuously. He looked the looms over, rolled his sleeves well up on his arms, bent his melancholy face over his machine, and in two weeks' time surpassed the power of production hitherto supposed to be possible in the Ireton Mills.

* * * * *

Drink did not kill him; he was not born to fail, as are many branded dwarfs of

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Circumstance, no more than jokes made by Fate, humorous attempts to abortion exhibited in the lives of certain human beings!

His dissipation in no wise interfered with his work. Once his looms before him, his head cleared, and, although he was not an intelligent companion to the men around him, his lips scarlet, his eyes bleared, still he was a first-rate weaver. He made the highest wages of any man in the mills, and since he was there to weave, he wove; whether drunk or sober had nothing to do with the case. Degradation of months of drunkenness became his; the knowledge that almost every cent he made he spent on self-indulgence was a painful fact when now and again he opened his feverish eyes on facts. The sodden condition of his mind, the animalism of his nature, developed to a point he never supposed a man with a soul could attain. Contact and companionship with the vapid-minded woman to whom he had linked his outcast state, this intercourse, slight as it was, helped him along his too easily followed course to ruin. At all events, he dragged her down as he fell, and lower than himself. The woman's nature had nothing to counterbalance its miserable tendencies. Certain human beings, in whatever length they go, seem never to sully the wings of the spirit; there are others, who in a life of decent morality possess no spirit's wings to soil. Lily Bud Euston was a slug crawling in the veriest mire around the stone—that stone, her fate. Her condition Euston should one day see, and it should shame him. It should come to him late, this knowledge, when Revelation is still too true a light not to illumine an obscure path.

During this period Lily Bud was a lady indeed! She obeyed her husband, to begin with, although he had never spoken to her in a harsh tone. He did not wish her to work. All day she rocked in a rocker in the boarding-house kitchen, eating candy or chewing gum, or, most constantly, "dipping." She had grown fat, dumpy, and unpleasant. Her youth slipped from her month by month, like a garment limp and unlovely that hangs on a peg with nobody to fill its shape; youth and beauty withered; nothing in this shrivelled character sustained its form.

She had learned one lesson at least—that of silence. Powerless to influence her husband, she knew she could not make him stop drinking, and they never talked together. In appearance she differed not a whit from the spinners and spoolers and weavers whose work Euston chose her to disdain. She wore cotton wrappers, never clean; all the week her hair was done in hard crimps round her head, and, in spite of the fact that her husband forbade her to earn money, he had nothing over and above their living with which to buy her finery. She chafed at this, and after awhile, as she grew stronger in health, she began stealthily and cleverly to look about in order to find some means by which she might procure for herself the gewgaws her soul loved.

As Euston, despite his infirmity, managed to inspire affection in the people around him, Lily Bud could not pursue her affairs under the eyes of the boarding-house keeper. She made acquaintances, however, in the next mill village, which was not far way, and there managed to amuse herself. At night, however, she was always on the piazza to greet her husband as he came slowly up the wooden steps, his head bowed, his hands thrust in his pockets, the soft felt hat pulled over his brow. Beneath it, long and black, his hair hung over his forehead, a shadow around his sullen, morose face.

* * * * *

One night in July, when the thermometer was above the hundred mark, Mrs. Euston was surprised to see her husband return sober. He ate his supper with a certain relish, and at table actually engaged in conversation with the other occupants of the house, instead of, as was his custom, going upstairs and falling into a sleep not broken until morning. With these boarding-house companions Euston that night talked wages and labour, and broached subjects Lily Bud had never heard agitated in her life before. After supper, profiting by this extraordinary occasion, his wife said to him:

"Ain't you-all satisfied with Ireton Mill?"

Euston looked up at his wife. It is not too much to say that he actually saw her for the first time in months. His vision,

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cleared by sobriety, permitted him to take in the dirty slouch she was. A sense of shame filled him, and dislike none the less keen, as he realised—*honour bound him here!*

"Take that out of your mouth!" His tone, the sharpest she had ever heard from him, made her start. "Never let me see you take snuff again—or dip. . . ."

"Ef that ain't suttinly *mean!* Yo'-all hev your pleasures, Ih reckon; Ih'd heap ruther go to spoolin' 'n set hyar, ef Ih cayn't dip." He observed her as she talked, wondering more at himself than at her.

"How old are you?"

"Me? Why, Ih suttinly reckon Ih'm 'bout twenty-one." Delighted to get a word with him, she pursued: "Ih suttinly *would* like a change. Ih'm sick ez death o' Ireton Mills. You cayn't reckon haow Ih *dew* hate to set alone hvar all day!"

He concealed his rising disgust. She sidled up to him, and put her dirty hand on his arm.

"Cayn't Ih hev a few nickles, Henry?"

"If you will go and get a pitcher of hot water, wash yourself, and take those things out of your hair, and make yourself as clean as you can, you can go with them on the excursion to-morrow."

She gave a cry of joy and utter amazement.

"Henry! Why, you-all suttinly is kynd 'n' pretty tew me now."

He wanted to get her out of his sight, be free of her. He shook her hand away.

"All right; go upstairs."

A young boy about fifteen years old, fellow boarder with the Eustons, now came out of the house past Euston. He was thin as a needle; long, light hair, scarcely differing in hue from his sallow, lifeless face, fell on his neck and about his ears.

"Working on the night-shift, Fred?"

The boy's eyes were bleared with illness; he coughed before he replied, his narrow shoulders shaking under his ragged coat.

"Yaas, suh, Ih suttinly am."

"Better knock off to-night."

"Ih suttinly hev to go," he replied. "The overseer to my room, he-all sayde ef Ih lost any mo' time Ih'd hev tew leave th' mills. Whar'd Ih go to?" He questioned Euston with a gentle smile.

"How much do you make?"

"Thirty-five cents a night."

One of his sleeves hung loose from the shoulder; he waved it, a pitiful flag. He cast upon Euston a look half humorous.

"This hyar ain't good for mo' 'n ten cents! Ih grabs ma broom with th' stump when Ih sweeps the flo's!"

A fit of coughing seized him; he struggled with it in vain, and so racked, hung to the piazza-rail till he was quieter.

Then he said, "Good-even' to you-all," and slipped past Euston into the hot street toward the mill, there to work till broad morning.

Over the visage of the man gazing after the slight figure of the martyr a transformation had passed. The veil, dark and sinister, so long drawn from brow to chin, obscuring the soul, began to raise. Hands of Mercy, hands of Pity, hands of Love were lifting it.

Upstairs he could hear Lily Bud humming a song as she went about the decent task he had commanded. The air of one of Falloner's songs came down to him:

"Oh, show me a little whar Ih'll fin' a rose."

* * * * *

While he so stood musing and alone, here and there from out the different shanties struggled forth half a dozen men. They reached the road without speaking to one another, and slouched along, as if aimlessly, toward the woods at the mill village's end; but their intent was common. Against the fence-rail Euston knocked the ashes of his pipe, put it in his pocket, and as though he had expected to see this group pass at this hour, went down the shanty steps, and followed them through the town to the remotest edge of the settlement. Here they had paused. Before them lay the forest, black and cool; behind them, in the confines of the pest-breeding village, all the accumulated wretchedness of their toiling existences. It was a festering wound; as much of them as had normal flesh and blood as yet uneaten away rebelled and cried out for relief. The men were not different in aspect to the apathetic brothers who, unwilling to "join" or remonstrate with conditions, had been left in their shanties or before their looms. But in these men's eyes was a brightness, an eagerness on

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their faces; they were the first whisper, the first portent of the labour dissensions in the South of the United States. Their confab was low, not even hurried; it was gentle, too, in its soft drawl. No part of their argument in speech, one man with his hands in his pockets, felt hat pulled over his brow, stood a little distance from them, not even apparently listening; his eyes were on the ground. Finally the voice of one weaver rose a bit above the undertone:

"We-all suttinly do hev to hev a hayde —somebody tew kinder lead us."

There was a slight acquiescence, and at once, as question of leadership arose, the group fell a little apart. There was a silence, then a man—it was Falloner—said:

"Henry Euston."

The isolated figure started a trifle at the words. A murmur, whether of dissent or approval he could not hear, ran from man to man of the mill hands, and another opposed: "He dew drink so po'-ful bayde. . . !"

Too low, too cast away, too degraded, to stand for this miserable fringe of humanity! The words smote him like whips of flame; his cheeks blazed, and he came directly forward. Taking his hat off, he bared his head and raised it, and with the action his stature seemed straightened, appeared taller, and possessed of new dignity.

"I am glad my name came to your mind," he said, his voice so altered that his comrades scarcely knew it. "What I have done to deserve that you should name me, God knows! But, in spite of my beastlike habit, you must have felt something of how my heart, and soul, and mind have been stirred for you." With one simple sentence he put himself out of their category, thus above and beyond them; it was a masterpiece of intelligence! "Perhaps I am not fit to lead you—to be the brain of you, the heart of you, the strength of you. It is for you to say; but if you will give me this chance, I will prove to be not unworthy of it." He put out his hand. . . . "I mean . . . I will never drink again whilst I live!"

(*To be continued.*)

RECENT AMERICAN ESSAYS

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

We referred last month to the "academic" quality of certain essays as a sort of Philistinism in higher things. Certainly detachment does not account for it, or a critical temper, or much reading, or a contemplative habit. Carlyle's "gigman" in these days would probably be a very well-read person and Matthew Arnold's axe would fall on the very heads that he had helped to fill. To write spiritlessly of spiritual things, to cheapen "what is most dear," to read merely to give advice, to make rules for genius and frame little definitions of greatness, to turn your back upon the crowd only that the crowd may see your back, to refer to vague standards and exhibit vague contempts—this is not the "academic" life. It is high life in Philistia.

In the essays which Mr. Bliss Perry has grouped under the title *The Amateur Spirit* much is said about the temptations of professionalism in general and the pitfalls of college professors in particular. His ideal is the "union of the generous spirit of the amateur with the method of the professional."

> "The highest service of the educated man in our democratic society demands of him breadth of interest as well as depth of technical research. It requires unquenched ardour for the best things, spontaneous delight in the play of mind and character, a many-sided responsiveness that shall keep a man from hardening into a mere high-geared machine. It is these qualities that perfect a liberal education and complete a man's usefulness in his generation."

Then follows a paper on "Indifferentism," of which Voltaire's Signor Pococurante is taken as the type, and which Mr. Perry further illustrates by Darwin's familiar confession of æsthetic deterioration and by the vices of the smatterer.

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"'I went into that a good deal at one time,' says Mr. Brooke in *Middlemarch*. It is the typical remark of the typical amateur. 'Poetry and pictures formerly gave me great pleasure,' says Darwin. 'I was once persuaded that I enjoyed Homer and Raphael,' says our Venetian senator. The three confessions are identical; the amateur and the specialist have now arrived at the same point as the born pococurantist."

The moral lesson of it is that the "road to happiness is not through caring little,—as the Stoics will still have it,—but through caring much and continuing to care much." Next comes a discussion of the college professor's life and his relations to the public. Here Mr. Perry writes from long personal experience, and yet says little that he could have not have guessed without the experience. He must have found the academic life astonishingly non-committal, for the fact that he has lived it makes no difference in his pages, which might have been the same had he merely "read it up." He speaks of the born teacher and the born investigator, the unproductive scholar and other well-known types. He lectures pleasantly on the dangers of too much seclusion and the dangers of too little. He finds that college teaching "is a noble profession for the noble-hearted, and but a petty calling for a man of petty mind." As to taking part in public life he deplores "the excitable utterances of men not habitually sobered by practical contact with affairs," but he pardons them because "an excited participation in public debate is better, after all, than indifference," and "no Americans, above all, no body of educated Americans, should imagine that they have a charter to live to themselves."

No one wants to hear the crack of a whip in these leisurely papers, but there might be a little more mental activity without any sign of a strain. They make the academic life seem unreal to anybody who has ever lived it; not that they say what is untrue, but they leave out everything that is characteristic. They do not reflect its virtues, vices, frivolities, or humours. Indirectly, perhaps, they show its effect by carrying exposition a little too far for the needs of us alumni. They are concerned with high issues and praise fine things and respect all the conventions of the "better element," but they seem more the result of group-thinking than of any personal experience. Elsewhere he has written more suggestively. We recall a discriminating paper wherein he analysed in a friendly way the work of a writer whom he termed a "Christian Endeavourer in literature." Not a word that could have given the least offence to that irreproachable Philistine, yet there he was to the life—placid, respectable, safely representative, fluent, explanatory and null. It was not merely the description of an individual but an exceedingly shrewd analysis of an American literary type, against which nothing should be said because it is entirely harmless, but which does, nevertheless, stir unreasonable resentment by its obtuseness, subservience, vague professions of spiritual insight, vague calls to culture and the "higher plane," loose hold on the books it praises, and general air of being newly rich in literary platitude. Its presence in our current writings is what makes genuine but unwise persons fly out now and then with infuriate generalities. Mr. Henry James would rather see us indecent than like that, and some one else tells us we are utterly *bourgeois*, and a third says we get so little by our reading that it would be better not to read at all. An active mind is apt to feel angry with an author merely because his book gives it nothing to do. Mr. Perry's book is not of that description, and it could not have been written by his "Christian Endeavourer," but it comes dangerously near that literature of first aid to the mentally indigent, that literature of the helping hand. Elsewhere he has shown more of that "spontaneous delight in the play of mind and character," which he here praises.

Mr. Boynton is writing for his equals, and is comparatively free from our national literary vice of giving a verbal push to the things that go without saying. His essay on "Journalism and Literature," which gives its title to the volume, shows the folly of assuming that a subject ever can be threshed out. Letters being the most self-conscious of the professions, writers have worried this theme more than any other, and for some years past they have been especially pertinacious. After all this it is startling to find it treated in a fresh and agreeable

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way. There is the same surprise in the essays on American humour, on the reading public and the writing public. He has the instinct of the genuine essayist, that courteous instinct of what need not be said—a blessed thing in treating hackneyed themes. He writes easily and amply without seeming to dilute his thoughts for weak digestions or explain them to the feeble-minded. He has learned that the writing of essays is not a democratic business; also that it is not a matter of little tricks, the mere verbal stratagems of cleverness for the capture of originality.

"A straining away from imitativeness is unfortunately what many of our younger writers are now concerned with, as younger writers have always been. They are so much set upon producing the literature of the future that they fail to produce the literature of the present, which is, after all, what we need, and which must probably have many qualities in common with the literature of the past. Their attempts are less hopeful from the fact that these enthusiasts have a habit of getting together. A new note in art is not likely to be invented by a coterie. . . . In every generation there is a class of writers which gains a hearing by the sedulous avoidance of the expected. Nothing is to be managed quite naturally or straightforwardly. Everything must be original, that is, out of the ordinary, unexpected, strained if necessary, but somehow different. Hence arises the vogue of the writer whose manner is full of petty tricks and inventions. Here is an opportunity for masters of cheap aphorism, and for cool and witty chroniclers of smart life. The popularity of such work may remind us afresh that the greater public is in matters of taste perennially an undergraduate."

He is not a writer from whom you quote four thumping sentences and say, Just look at that now. Nor does he follow Miss Repplier's plan of cultivating minute points of departure from what she supposes to be a common way of thinking, that reviewers may say she has "personality." He lacks the kind of brilliancy which he has described in the above paragraph, and which may be illustrated by the following passage from a recent Australian essay on conservatism, entitled "Malevolent Mummy":

"Mummy is always persuading his worshippers to neglect the substance for the shadow, the future for the past. In finding the legend-root some of us are apt to miss the poetry-flower. Then, a man should gaze forward, not back perpetually. Lot's wife was salted; take care you are not petrified. Even a moderately Chinese devotion to great-great-Grandfather may undo you. Your parents were fine fellows; they made you; but look to your children. And aha! . . . Hope! In some recent N. S. W. military manœuvres 'the (Australian) Scotchmen'—not to be targets of opposing marksmen—adapted the precaution of wearing their hirsute tassel at the rear.' A fine symbol. Put Scotland behind, put Ireland behind, put England behind—not as sources of inspiration, but as goals of aspiration—and go forward with Australia!"

Mr. Boynton will not go forward with Australia, but he may lose something of elderly condescension with advancing years. There are no forced notes in these agreeable papers, but there is a fear of seeming young. When he writes of the young woman, the half-educated person and such small vermin, it is from an awful height.

In *Far and Near* John Burroughs has given us another of those outdoor diaries which make the more deliberate and more popular work of younger writers in this field seem somewhat strained and insincere. He tells of his visits to Alaska and Jamaica and the wild life around his cabin. He records impressions however slight and incidents however trivial, but it is all done with that charming double gift of his for seeing everything as if for the first and only time, and of making others see it in the same way.

"In the Bad Lands the earth seems to have been flayed alive—no skin or turf of verdure or vegetable mould anywhere—all raw and quivering. The country looks as if it might have been the site of enormous brickyards; over hundreds of square miles the clay seems to have been used up to the depth of fifty or a hundred feet, leaving a floor much worn and grooved by the elements. The mountains have been carved and sliced but yesterday, showing enormous traverse sections. Indeed, never before have I seen the earth so vivisected, anatomised, gashed,—the cuts all fresh, the hills looking as new and red as butcher's meat, the strata almost bleeding."

F. M. Colby.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. S. S. Chamberlain of the New York *American* for the following information, which was asked for by one of our correspondents last month:

"George Bassett" is Mr. H. R. Haxton, an American, formerly (in 1893 and 4) Sunday editor of the San Francisco *Examiner*. He is now, I believe, connected with the London office of the *Century Dictionary*. I am glad to find an echo of my own estimate of his literary ability.

II.

A promising Sherlockian in Louisville, Kentucky, sends us the following criticism:

To THE LETTER BOX:

Sir A. Conan Doyle, in *The Adventure of the Golden Pince-Nez* published in *Collier's Weekly* for October 29, 1904, makes a bad slip. The mainspring of the story is the discovery of a pair of eyeglasses, wherein Sherlock Holmes says:

"You will perceive, Watson, that the glasses are convex and of unusual strength. A lady whose vision has been so extremely contracted all her life is sure to have the physical characteristics of such vision; which are seen in the forehead, eyelids and shoulders. . . . Unfortunately for her she has lost her glasses in the scuffle, and as she was so extremely short-sighted she was really hopeless after that. . . . What with her natural blindness, and what with the change from dark to light, she stood as one dazed, blinking about her to see who we were. The wearer must have been very blind and helpless when deprived of them."

In short, the whole point of the story is that a woman wore very strong *convex* glasses, and without them she is so short-sighted as to be unable to recognise the difference between two passage-ways, and has the physical characteristics of a *near*-sighted person, such as a squint, stoop shoulders, etc.

Now, Dr. Doyle's mistake is that he attributes *convex* glasses to a *near*-sighted person, whereas convex glasses are used by persons whose sight for the ordinary movements of life is reasonably perfect, but who use glasses for close work, such as reading. It is *concave* glasses which are used by a short-sighted person, such as the woman described in the story. Dr. Doyle has simply slipped up on a scientific fact. I shall be interested to see if you make some facetious comment on my criticism.

We have no facetious comment whatever to make. It is an interesting fact that Conan Doyle, who received a scientific training and who practised medicine for years, very frequently makes the most extraordinary slips whenever he touches upon scientific or medical subjects. Members of his own profession have found incessant cause for mirth in some of the tales printed in his volume *Round the Red Lamp*—a volume largely given to what Holmes used to call "medicated stories." Our correspondent has discovered one more instance to be added to the already lengthy list.

III.

We have heard again from Muggins. Here is her letter:

DEAR LETTER BOX:

Muggins is heartbroken because you won't idealise her. Please do. Muggins idealised THE BOOKMAN, or she wouldn't have written to him and begged the favour of a small courtesy. Muggins forgives THE BOOKMAN because she is sorry for any one with a canton-flannel condition of the mind subject to turns. She feels that that explains the situation.

MUGGINS.

May we venture to point out in Muggins a delightful instance of feminine inconsistency? In her first letter she said most earnestly: "Now, don't idealise me—I won't have it!" We promptly replied that we wouldn't, and now she says she is heartbroken because we didn't. Surely *varium et mutabile semper!* But we are inclined to think that we shall idealise her after all.

IV.

Here is some one up in Ithaca finding fault with Miss Carolyn Wells. We have no sympathy with any one who finds fault

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with Miss Carolyn Wells, but we feel bound to print the letter all the same, chiefly, we must confess, because we hope that it will bring us one of those little notes on paper of robin's egg blue.

DEAR LETTER BOX:

One who is accustomed to taking his coffee hot may, perhaps, be permitted a protest when it has been allowed to become cold. For this reason I feel myself justified in calling attention to a curious anachronism in Carolyn Wells's book *A Parody Anthology*. Under the heading "After Various Popular Songs," I notice one entitled "A Love Song," and ascribed to Dean Swift.

Can anything written by Dean Swift properly be said to have the modernity of a popular song? It scarcely seems to me that such is the case. This verse may be a parody on some song that was popular a few hundred years ago, or it may not; but such a song could scarcely be called popular at present. And I may further remark, that in *A Nonsense Anthology*, edited by the same accomplished lady, the poem in question appears under the title "Lines by a Person of Quality," and over the signature of Alexander Pope. Is it possible that Carolyn Wells has not read the *Nonsense Anthology?*

V.

A gentleman in Worcester, Massachusetts, sends us the following little criticism:

GENTLEMEN: Why does Professor Peck, on page 157 of the October number, imply that Kipling could not have written *They* in the first person (and mean himself)? The passage apparently states that Kipling never lost a child, but of course he did when he was ill here in America.

In answer to this we would say that the review in question merely intimated that the supposed narrator of *They* is not *necessarily* Mr. Kipling himself. The story seemed to imply that the person who visited the old manor house was one who had not lost a child, and the reasons for this opinion were given in the review. Of course, the fact that Mr. Kipling has himself lost a child is quite well known.

VI.

When we ventured to give a tentative explanation of Kipling's "Mrs. Bathurst" we knew that we were getting ourselves into trouble, because no two persons are agreed as to the meaning of that story. We have received the following very acute and almost convincing letter from Mr. M. A. Fanning of Cleveland, Ohio, who has kindly permitted us to publish his name. We know that his comments will prove extremely interesting to our readers.

DEAR SIR: Concerning the story of "Mrs. Bathurst," which you discuss in your review of *Traffics and Discoveries* in the October BOOKMAN, will you permit a reader to attempt an explanation, even though he is a month or so late in his reading? I am at a loss to understand why you are not more clear as to the meaning of the story, since you refer to the "unforgettable Love-o'-Women," unless it is that you desire to draw comment from muddlers like myself. "Love-o'-Women" sets forth clearly what in "Mrs. Bathurst" is obscure. Kipling, like Mr. James and Mrs. Wharton, makes his readers think, and, of course, that is one explanation of the popularity of the story; but the human interest stirs the pulse as well.

Now here are Kipling's sailormen having a chat over a quart of Bass, which has been flung over a wall to the lady-killing Pritchard in his Number One uniform, by a pretty maid whom he ogled as she was slapping a rug over a back veranda. Pritchard is rallied on his gallantry, and puts in a disclaimer to the charge of "aggravated desertion," which topic leads up to talk on gallantries as a cause of desertion. First we get the story of Moon, the Mormonistic beggar, who'd "'ad sixteen years' service before he ran," and then we are introduced to Click, a gentleman, if you please, "a superior man, which is what we'd call a long, black-'aired, genteelly half-bred beggar on the lower deck," and to Mrs. Bathurst, a woman of character, esteemed and respected of sailor acquaintances. Sailors may be all bad in the matter of native women and such, but they know a lady when they see one, and Mrs. Bathurst—"she never scrupled to feed a lame duck or set 'er foot on a scorpion at any time of 'er life," says Pritchard; "you can say what you please, Pye, but you don't make me believe it was any of 'er fault. She wasn't *that!*" Click, or Vickery, is a married man, and if only for that reason should have let Mrs. Bathurst alone; but he is a superior fellow, a man who, as Mulvaney says in "Love-o'-Women," could "put the comether on any woman that trod the green earth av God, an' he knew ut," and, doubtless, like "Love-o'-

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Women," "niver did he put the comether on any woman save an' excipt for the black shame." Vickery was a man of education, which stood him in hand in his winning of Mrs. Bathurst, but it was this same education, as Mulvaney said of that of Tighe, that would "turn back again in the long run an' tear him alive." Mrs. Bathurst was one of those women a man can never forget (though it may take him some time to find that out)—she had the mysterious quality that stamps indelibly every movement, the look of her eyes, the turn of her neck, the habit of the hand, upon the memory of any man who looked upon her and saw that she was fair. Vickery betrayed her, and, in leaving, promised to meet her in England, whither she went in her trouble to, as she supposed, join him. Does he find, after he leaves her, that he has, like "Love-o'-Women," thrown away "diamonds and pearls"? That is what Mr. Kipling leaves one to infer, and with it to picture the particular hell that Vickery is already in before that grisly revelation of the cinematograph is thrust at him and drives him down to the last depths of the furthermost hell. Here is where the fiends are turned loose on him, where liquor ceases to bite or exertion to fatigue, where his better self comes back to "tear him alive." His *lawful* wife is dead, he says, died a few weeks after he went out, so that he is clear of murdering either her or Mrs. Bathurst should there have been a meeting, but what is murder to this other villainy, to seeing this poor woman alone with her shame in England, looking straight out for him, with that blindish look; this woman whose immense love haunts him with the force of a curse of God. What does she think of him now that she knows that he was a liar, a betrayer, a dog; and to what kind of a life has he consigned her! Vickery sees his Captain and makes confession, asking for a chance to desert, and the Captain gives it to him. And then, after Vickery had been allowed to live long enough to have some hope of reaching her, God strikes him dead, turns him to a cinder in a thunderstorm in an interminable black forest, in the depths of a deserted continent. And while Hooper is debating with himself whether to show Click's teeth or not, we feel with Pyecroft "inclined to finish what's left of the beer an' thank Gawd he's dead."

This is an ingenious explanation, and we don't know whether it is not as good as any other, though we think that Mr. Fanning, in making his special plea, has somewhat exaggerated the horrors of the particular hell in which Vickery is living. Granting the assumption of his guilt, so far as concerns Mrs. Bathurst, surely he is far removed from the appalling mental and physical torment of "Love o'-Women." Furthermore, Vickery was found dead in a remote wild tract of country quite a long time after his desertion. What was he doing there? How could he expect to find Mrs. Bathurst there? Our theory, on the whole, is that Kipling himself could not explain the story; and that in it he meant to give us one of those curiously tantalising half-glimpses of a tragedy such as often in life we imperfectly divine, but of which the particulars and the entire meaning we never come to know. Much is left indefinite in the story—the time when Vickery first "came out," the time which elapsed between his desertion and his death, and in fact the chronology of the whole drama.

Another letter, written by a gentleman in this city, offers us a rather curious suggestion:

"In Kipling's story "Mrs. Bathurst," you will remember that two persons were found dead beside the railroad track, where they had been struck by lightning. Do you not think that one of the persons was Mrs. Bathurst herself, who had joined Vickery and was on her way with him to the Zambesi?

No, we don't. We are waiting now for some one to propound the theory that Pyecroft was Mrs. Bathurst in disguise.

VII.

We have received the following with reference to a semi-ethical question:

In a poem called "White Magic," by Mr. Perley A. Child, in the December BOOKMAN, the following line occurs:

And leaden-eyed despairs.

The line is very beautiful. All of the elect, who know Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale* by heart, have loved the line for many years. Mr. Child is to be congratulated for his tasteful acquisitiveness. "Can one desire too much of a good thing?" quoth Rosalind.

CLAYTON HAMILTON.

"Tasteful acquisitiveness" is rather good, and reminds us of Professor Barrett Wendell's "predatory innocence." We are not authorised to speak for Mr.

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Child, and so we can't say whether the line quoted by our correspondent was an unconscious echo of Keats or whether it was independently evolved. Most persons would probably prefer to plead guilty to a charge of unconscious cerebration than to the much worse charge of never having read the famous ode by Keats. As a matter of fact, we don't think that the expression "leaden-eyed despairs" is so intrinsically remarkable as to require a genius to evolve it. Instances of independent creation are not unusual. Take, for example, the case of Mr. Andrew Lang. When he was a freshman in college, he wrote a poem for the Newdigate Prize in which there was one line describing a lady's hand as

A red rose swooning into white.

Mr. Lang admired this hugely, even though his poem didn't get the prize. But later, when he began to read Swinburne, he found another lady's hand described as

A red rose turned to white.

Mr. Lang's line was really more Swinburnian than Swinburne's own. Such things will happen from time to time. They are decidedly interesting and not the least bit reprehensible.

VIII.

In our October number, we made some comments on the inefficiency of the war correspondents of American newspapers at the present time, and in so doing we noted what seemed to us certain crudities in one of the correspondents for *Leslie's Weekly*. The gentleman in question has sent us a very brisk and amusing letter, written with the purpose of annihilating us completely. It certainly shows that he is one of the right sort, who can give and take without losing his temper. We reprint the letter, which was written from St. Andrew, in the island of Jamaica.

DEAR SIR: In the October BOOKMAN, page 90, second paragraph, you refer to me (anonymously?) as a "war correspondent," as one who has cost *Leslie's Weekly* a heap of money; as one who has never before been out of the United States; as one who knows nothing of foreign countries, languages or customs; as one who knows particularly nothing about the German Empire, and you end with a most endearing allusion to me as "an unsophisticated soul."

It wasn't that you really meant to harm me or hurt me, was it? It just was that you knew nothing at all about me, and so you just said a great deal about that of which you were totally ignorant. I forgive you, my dear confrère, but in order that when you next refer to me in THE BOOKMAN you shall have a slight acquaintance with your subject, I have the honour to inform you now that I am positively none of the names you call me, except the "unsophisticated soul." I like being called that. It makes me feel so much younger than thirty-four.

First. I am *not* a war correspondent for *Leslie's*, or for any other paper. I simply travelled on my own account, as a free lance, an ordinary traveller, who enjoys going about Europe with his wife. The only understanding I had with *Leslie's* was that if I chose to go to the front I should do so, and they would print a few articles from me.

Second. I have *not* cost *Leslie's* heaps of money, for the simple reason that, being fortunately of independent means of my own, I was quite capable of paying my own way where and when I chose. They simply paid me so much a word for such of my articles as I sent them, and I was under no obligation to *Leslie's* nor they to me. As my six months' trip has just cost me something over $2000 out of my own pocket, I fail to find the humour in your statement that I have cost the paper heaps of money.

Third. So I have never been out of the United States before! Good heavens! I think that your publishers, all of whom know me slightly, could have told you that I had travelled just a least little bit. Even the back-number account of myself in *Who's Who* would have told you that I had been once or twice around the world. I have made only fifteen trips to Europe in twelve years,—that's all. I've only lived in Paris and London and Berlin and St. Petersburg a few months at a time on several occasions,—that's all. I've only been in all the principal countries of Europe almost every year,—that's all. Then, though I have seen enough of India and Egypt and Arabia, yet this is, *this* year, according to you, my first trip abroad. Just before the present war broke out, I made a long journey in Russia, and then a sled journey across the north of Russia, Sweden and Norway, and when I got through, the King and Queen of Sweden gave me a half hour's private audience to hear my story. That was last year. Now, I won-

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der what their Majesties will say when they read in THE BOOKMAN that I have this year for the first time been out of the United States.

Fourth. Dear me! I know nothing about the German Empire—after having spent my honeymoon there years ago! After having been in Berlin no end of times in the last few years! And I know nothing of Baden! Didn't know there was a Duke of Baden! What will the Duke think when he reads in THE BOOKMAN that a man who has been several times a guest at the castle at Baden-Baden never heard of a Duke of Baden? And Saxony! I "discovered" that Saxony had a king Goodness gracious! I wonder what the simple court folks in Dresden will say when they read that the man who has occupied the same box at the Royal Opera there for the last three seasons only this year discovered that Saxony had a king? Your allusion to my German Court "discoveries" is very touching, considering that four years ago I wrote a book on *The Rulers of the World,* with chapters about each and all the rulers of the German Kingdom and principalities.

Say, take a look at my article in the November number of the *Wide World Magazine,* London edition—it may help you to write some more about the "unsophisticated soul," who has never seen a Cossack, never "evaded a censor," and all that sort of thing.

I'm most sorry THE BOOKMAN came my way while here in the West Indies. I came here just to have a nice, quiet, undisturbed rest. And now I find THE BOOKMAN calling me a war correspondent and all sorts of names. In this heat it's just awful. Please don't do it any more. Besides, my name is in Dodd, Mead and Company's catalogue as the author of one of the publications of Dodd, Mead and Company—and surely you don't want to "roast" their writers.

What a commentary is your paragraph on the futility of seeking fame! Here I've been making a sort of specialty of travelling *out* of the United States for some twelve years, and have written twelve books and bushels of magazine articles over my own name—and yet the editor of THE BOOKMAN now writes my biography as "an unsophisticated soul," who has never seen things and is costing his paper a heap of money. Alas! I feel that I must leave this beautiful West Indian island and cease to be a lotus eater, who merely goes about the world looking and listening, and come home to the city where THE BOOKMAN is published and try to do something wicked and worth while. Otherwise, who knows how many more paragraphs you may write about this "unsophisticated soul." I'm even thinking of calling on you and telling you just how much you have spoiled my nice little cruise in the West Indies. I'll call somewhere about November 10. Don't be frightened, for Heaven's sake! I don't want to sell you a thing—but I'll be glad to have the honour of knowing the editor who prints though he knoweth not his subject.

But there! I just must run now through all this hot sun, and leave all these lovely banana trees and orange trees, to buy a ticket on the first steamer for New York, in order to beseech you to keep me out of the November BOOKMAN. Yours, without sophistry,

G. W.

This letter arrived at a time when we were absent from the office, and in consequence it was opened by the Junior Editor. Now, the Junior Editor, although he wouldn't admit it for the world, feels in his heart a discreet and secret joy whenever a correspondent manages to score on us. So he took this letter and posted it to us at once, scrawling across the top with a big blue pencil the words, "This is a corker." Such is the way in which the Junior Editor is wont to express himself in private life. We are quite willing to admit that the letter is a corker, but perhaps it doesn't cork quite so tightly as its writer and the Junior Editor imagine. In the first place, we didn't say that this gentleman had cost *Leslie's Weekly* a heap of money. We merely remarked that our American newspapers generally had spent a large amount of money on war correspondents since the first of last May. In the second place, if G. W. objects to be described as a war correspondent, why does he allow *Leslie's Weekly* to bulletin him as one? In the third place, we are now quite convinced that he has travelled all over the known world, on sleds and otherwise, and has lived in every country, and that kings and queens and grand dukes are numbered among his dearest friends. But this fact only gives additional point to our original criticism. Knowing so much as he does, why is he content to write as one who does not know at all, and to express his surprise at the existence of grand ducal courts and minor kings, when, in fact, these kings are in reality old cronies? Did

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he think it piquant? In other words, if the gentleman chose to write down to what he thought the level of a special set of readers, he surely cannot blame us for taking him at what was apparently the value which he set upon himself. However, when he returns to this town we hope that he will call and see us, and we don't anticipate any trouble in the office either. To him and to all our readers, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY: MEMORIES AND EXPERIENCES. By Moncure Daniel Conway. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

A book like this of Mr. Conway's is valuable not because of what it tells us about the author, but because of what we learn from it about those whom the author has met. Mr. Conway has known pretty nearly every one of consequence in England and America during the past fifty years, and his pages are sprinkled thick with memorable names. Nevertheless, one could quote from it only by sacrificing a great deal of space, for Mr. Conway writes with a leisurely deliberation, and requires ample room in which to turn around. Therefore we can only indicate some of the material which the book contains, and urge our readers to follow up these indications in the original text. Mr. Conway saw Dickens during the first visit to this country, and also heard Thackeray lecture here on the English humourists. Later, in England, he attended a reading which Dickens gave in 1845, and gives this account of it:

"Of Dickens's readings no description can convey any adequate impression. He was in himself a whole stock company. He seemed to be physically transformed as he passed from one character to another; he had as many distinct voices as his books had characters; he held at command the fountains of laughter and tears. Dickens's voice in its every disguise was of such quality that it reached all of those thousands in St. James's Hall, and he stood before us as a magician. When he sat down it was not mere applause that followed, but a passionate outburst of love for the man."

In Boston, Mr. Conway came to know Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, Theodore Parker, and Agassiz. In ante-bellum Washington he made notes on Scott, Seward, Sumner, Chase, Jefferson Davis, and many other famous men. He described the city in those days as having a rare charm; though some of its customs were decidedly barbaric. Here is Mr. Conway's account of New Year's Day in Washington in the year 1855:

"It is the custom in Washington for the ladies of every distinguished house to receive callers. There is no restriction whatever, the brutal having the freedom of refined homes. I saw drunken men reeling into the front doors of refined families, their object being to devour the dainties provided lavishly on such occasions. At the house of Mayor Seaton I found the ladies shrinking, in the absence of any protection, before two half-tipsy fellows of the 'know-nothing' species, who were demanding whether they (the ladies) did not think that Americans should rule America, and that every damned abolitionist should be hung."

Here is his estimate of Sumner:

"Senator Sumner fell just short of being a great statesman. I enjoyed his friendship for many years and recognised his fine qualities, but always felt regret that Massachusetts should not be represented in the Senate by men more adapted to the crisis through which the country was passing than either Sumner or his colleague, Henry Wilson. Sumner had no sense of humour, and his way of treating things was too academic. I believe he would have been a stronger man if he had married earlier; he did marry late in life, too late for the marriage to be happy. He apparently had no relative or friend intimate enough to criticise him. His most intimate friends at home (Boston) were the Longfellows, who were too loyal to him, as indeed most of us were, on account of his inflexible devotion to our cause, to tell him his faults."

Students of language will be interested in the side-light thrown by Mr. Conway upon the regrettable controversy between Max Müller and Professor W. D. Whitney. Mr. Conway was a warm friend of Müller, and he greatly deplores the spirit of personal ill-will in which Whitney carried on the discussion. It reminds him of the old grammarian's curse: "May God confound thee for thy theory of irregular verbs!" The following passage deserves to be quoted:

"By Max Müller's request, I wrote to Professor Whitney, urging him to accept the proposal previously made by the Oxford scholar, that all the points in dispute should be submitted to arbitration. Professor Whitney was to select three professors from any country in

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Europe, and Max Müller pledged himself to abide by their decision. This proposal was urged in such terms as my esteem for Professor Whitney suggested, but he declined to say more than if Max Müller chose to organise a tribunal he would appear before it with his defence. I never doubted that Professor Whitney had sufficient reasons, in no wise arising from any misgivings as to his own case, for virtually declining the proposed arbitration. The personal question was bound up with scientific questions, as he said, and a scholar might naturally be as unwilling to submit his opinions to arbitration as any thinker so to submit his creed."

On the whole, Mr. Conway's volume is the most important book of its kind that has been published during the present year.

R. W. Kemp.

REMINISCENCES OF PEACE AND WAR. By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mrs. Pryor's book covers about the same ground as Mrs. Clay-Clopton's *A Belle of the Fifties,* which we reviewed not long ago, inasmuch as it commences with Washington life during President Pierce's administration and ends with the conclusion of the Civil War. It is filled with pleasant chat and has only an occasional touch of the *odium bellicosum.* It lends itself much better to reading than to quotation, and gives a lively picture of the society in which Mrs. Pryor moved. Most interesting of all is her account of the tense days of the political campaign of 1860, when the South was preparing to secede, yet had not done so, and when the relations between Northerners and Southerners were distinguished by a laboured and ominous politeness as the only possible alternative to open brawling. The slightest incident got upon everybody's nerves. A pistol accidentally falling from the pocket of a member in the House of Representatives set the whole body in an uproar; for everyone was looking for violence at any time. Social war preceded war of a more serious description. Women cut one another because of their politics, and their husbands did the same. Names were dropped from visiting lists, and occasions were avoided on which members of the opposite parties might happen to meet each other. It all reads oddly enough at the present day.

Mrs. Pryor has preserved an interesting anecdote to show how meagre was the fare on which the Confederates lived in the last days of the war.

"In General Lee's tent, meat is eaten but twice a week, the General not allowing it oftener, because he believes indulgence in meat to be criminal in the present straitened condition of the country. His ordinary dinner consists of a head of cabbage boiled in salt water, and a pone of corn bread. Having invited a number of gentlemen to dine with him, General Lee, in a fit of extravagance, ordered a sumptuous repast of bacon and cabbage. The dinner was served, and behold, a great pile of cabbage and a bit of bacon, or 'middling,' about four inches long and two inches across. The guests, with commendable politeness, unanimously declined the bacon, and it remained in the dish untouched. Next day, General Lee, remembering the delicate tidbit which had been so providentially preserved, ordered his servant to bring that 'middling.' The man hesitated, scratched his head, and finally owned up:

"'Marse Robert—de fac' is—dat ar middlin' was borrowed middlin'. We all didn't have no middlin'. I done paid it back to de place whar I got it fum.'

"General Lee heaved a sigh of deepest disappointment, and pitched into the cabbage."

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK CITY.

D. Appleton and Company:

The Prodigal Son. By Hall Caine.

Oscar Stephenson, son of the Governor of Iceland, is the "Prodigal Son." He is forced to leave the country on account of the wrong he has done his brother, his wife, and his father. After much suffering and after having committed many crimes, he at last repents, returns to his own country and lives the remainder of his life as becomes a law-abiding citizen.

From Tokio Through Manchuria with the Japanese. By Louis L. Seaman.

The motto of this book is Banzai Nippon, which means ten thousand hurrahs for Japan. Dr. Seaman shows how judiciously and well the Japanese are carrying on the war, and dwells particularly on the splendid results obtained by scientific ration and a medical staff, whose aim is to prevent disease rather than cure it. Although Dr. Sea-

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man went to Japan with the intention of visiting the hospitals, he was able to see a great deal of the actual conflict.

Kate of Kate Hall. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler and A. L. Felkin.

The heroine of this romance is Kate Clare, the only daughter and chief hope of a financially embarrassed earl. The hero, George Despard, is secretary to Kate's godmother, who, at her death, leaves Kate the largest share of her fortune on the condition that she is married within six months. If she should remain single at that time George inherits her share. The two young people become bitter enemies, but the end sees them and the fortune united.

The Misfit Crown. By Frances Davidge.

A novel by a new author, the scenes of which are laid among the better class of people in England. Leonida, the heroine, determines to profit by the experience of her mother, who married a worthless Italian because she loved him. She, therefore, makes the worse mistake of marrying a man whom she respects but does not love.

Multiple Personality. By Boris Sidis and S. P. Goodhart.

An experimental investigation into the nature of human individuality. Reviewed in a later number of THE BOOKMAN.

Brentano's:

Mediterranean Winter Resorts. By Eustace A. Reynolds-Ball.

A complete and practical handbook to the principal health and pleasure resorts on the shores of the Mediterranean. It contains special articles on the principal invalid stations by resident English physicians, together with a map of the Mediterranean and several diagrams.

The Century Company:

Party Organisation and Machinery. By Jesse Macy.

The preface gives the intention of this book to be a contribution to the more perfect understanding of the American party system as an integral part of the political institutions of the country. Party organisation is described in its relations to presidential, congressional and sensational leadership.

Fata Morgana. By André Castaigne.

A tale of love and adventure dealing with life in the student quarter of Paris. The hero is a young American artist, and the heroine a circus-girl. Other characters take strong parts in the story. The book is well illustrated. Reference to the author and book is made in the Chronicle and Comment.

The Awakening of Japan. By Okakura-Kakuzo.

A book written in English by a Japanese. Here the author, who is said to be an authority on the subject, answers the questions concerning Japan and its people that are constantly arising in the minds of Western thinkers.

Robert Grier Cooke:

Captain Kidd and Other Charades. By Florence L. Sahler.

A book of clever enigmas in verse. There is a key which enables the person solving the puzzles to make sure that they are right.

Six Incursions (by a Predatory Pew) into Some Theologic Fastnesses. By Edward Augustus Jenks.

It is the author's aim in this book to bring back, if possible, the fast lapsing belief in a personal God, and to make Him real again.

T. Y. Crowell and Company:

Stories of King Arthur and His Knights. As told in Malory's "Morte D'Arthur."

A collection of stories told by King Arthur and his knights five or six hundred years ago. There are, also, chapters devoted to the birth and death of King Arthur.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Raiderland. By S. R. Crockett.

All about grey Galloway, its stories, traditions, characters, humours. This sub-title is very explanatory of the nature of the book. Mr. Crockett has endeavoured to bring together all he has ever written about Galloway for the use of Galloway lovers and Galloway travellers, but it is equally as interesting to those who have never visited the place.

Scroggins. By John Uri Lloyd.

Scroggins was a stage driver in California. He accumulated a million dollars, which proved to be a great burden to him. So long as he had the money he was never happy; after disposing of it he secured the contentment so much desired. Illustrations and decorations by Reginald B. Birch enhance the value of the book.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Tomboy at Work. By Jeannette L. Gilder.

The sequel to "The Autobiography of a Tomboy" is a story of Miss Gilder's own early experiences while endeavouring to earn her livelihood. It is written in a bright style and is full of humour. Numerous illustrations add to the attractiveness of the book.

Guthrie of the Times. By Joseph A. Altsheler.

A story of love, politics, and journalism, in which the central figure, Guthrie, is a young American of sterling qualities. The turning point of the story depends on the impeachment of the

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Speaker of the House of a Middle State Legislature.

How to Study Shakespeare. By William H. Fleming. With introduction by W. J. Rolfe.

This guide to the student of Shakespeare, which is Series IV., includes Richard II., Cymbeline, I. King Henry IV., The Taming of the Shrew, and II. King Henry IV.

Nancy's Country Christmas and Other Stories. By Eleanor Hoyt.

Ten stories, most of which have been previously published. The book takes its title from the first story. Among the others are The Littlest Sister, A Visiting Peer, The Vanishing Boarder, In the Light of Christmas Candles, In Oklahoma, etc.

Diane. By Katherine Holland Brown.

Miss Brown presents a very pleasing incident in American history which has never before been noticed by novelists. Icaria forms the background of the book. In this French settlement there is a charming romantic affair, in which Diane appears as the heroine.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Albert Gate Mystery. Further Adventures of Reginald Brett, Barrister Detective. By Louis Tracy.

A detective story. It deals with the disappearance of some fifty diamonds belonging to the Sultan, which had been taken to an Albert Gate mansion by a number of Turkish gentlemen to be cut and polished. Notwithstanding the protection of these men and jewels by the English Government and the police, four of the party were found dead one morning and the diamonds gone. The balance of the book concerns the unravelling of the mystery.

Harper and Brothers:

Nostromo. By Joseph Conrad.

A review of this book appeared in the November BOOKMAN.

The Land of Riddles. Russia of To-Day. By Dr. Hugo Ganz.

A volume purporting to give an unbiassed description of Russian affairs as they are to-day. This information has been secured by Hugo Ganz, the Venetian journalist, who made a special visit to Russia for this purpose. The work is translated and edited by Herman Rosenthal.

Phases of Modern Music. By Lawrence Gilman.

A dozen sketches on different phases of modern music, originally published in various magazines. Some of the subjects treated are "Parsifal" and Its Significance, Wagner, Verdi, Grieg, Richard Strauss, etc.

Red Hunters and the Animal People. By Charles A. Eastman.

These Indian stories are written by a Sioux Indian, who now practices medicine among the Red men. They are founded upon the common experiences and observations of this race.

In Camp at Bear Pond. By Henry Edward Rood.

The adventures of two boys during a month spent in camping in the woods, on the front of a lake in the bear country of Pennsylvania. While there they discover the remains of an old Indian camp-fire.

Henry Holt and Company:

The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling. By Henry Fielding. Abridgment by Burton E. Stevenson.

This abridgment for the most part follows the recognised lines of criticism. The chief characters and nearly all the minor ones remain as in the original, and no detail has been omitted which assists the understanding of the story.

The Marathon Mystery. By Burton E. Stevenson.

A detective story in which a strange murder, which occurs in Manhattan on a very stormy night, is the important feature. Another storm on the Great South Bay is also closely allied with the plot. The mysterious connection with the events of a vampire add much to the uncanniness of the tale.

Pedagogues and Parents. By Ella Calista Wilson.

A discussion of schools and education, actual and ideal, and of some of the older educational classics. The author dedicates the book to those "whose concern for their dear little ones makes them so irregularly bold that they dare consult their own reason in the education of their children, rather than wholly to rely upon Old Custom."

Dandelion Cottage. By Carroll Watson Rankin.

Four young girls set up housekeeping in a dilapidated cottage and furnish it with odds and ends. In this they spend a very pleasant summer. A wholesome story for girls.

The Custodian. By Archibald Eyre.

The story deals with a Princess, who has been induced by a young villain to leave her father's court in order that she may marry him, and the grandson of a British duchess, a young man of sterling qualities but with no knowledge of the world, who is sent to rescue the girl.

The Nibelungeblied. Translated by George Henry Needler.

A translation into rhymed English verse in the metre of the original.

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Nelson's Yankee Boy. By F. H. Costello.

The adventures of a plucky young New Englander at Trafalgar and elsewhere, and later in the War of 1812. The book has six illustrations.

Mr. Waddy's Return. By Theodore Winthrop. Edited by Burton E. Stevenson.

Mr. Winthrop's death occurred before the original draft of this novel was revised, but the words and arrangement have been but little changed by the editor. It is a story of ante-bellum days, and deals with the return to Boston and Newport of Mr. Ira Waddy from India.

On Etna. By Norma Lorimer.

A romance of which the scene is laid in Sicily, under the shadow of Etna. The heroine, an English girl, is abducted and held in ransom by the Mafia, at the instigation of a prince who hoped to marry her. During her life among the brigands she falls in love with the captain and he with her. The turning point of the story is reached when her lover is captured and she reveals the secret of her heart.

John Lane:

The Specialist. By A. M. Irvine.

A review of this book will appear in a subsequent number of THE BOOKMAN.

Captain Amyas. By Dolf Wyllarde.

This book will be reviewed in a later number of THE BOOKMAN.

William Shakespeare. Pedagogue and Poacher. By Richard Garnett.

A drama in verse. The plot of the play is founded on Shakespeare's traditional poaching episodes just before his exit from Stratford. The principal characters are Wm. Shakespeare, Ann Shakespeare, Sir Thomas Lucy and Lady Lucy.

Selected Poems. By John Davidson.

In this volume is included a selection of poems previously appearing in other collections by the same author.

A New Paola and Francesca. By Annie E. Holdsworth.

A strange fate attends the heroine of this novel, the scenes of which are laid in Italy and Scotland. The girl's father, shortly before his death, expressed the wish that she should marry the heir to the family title, whom she had never seen. She meets the brother of the heir, mistakes him for the heir, and falls in love with him. A complication of circumstances and events follows.

The Fishers. By J. Henry Harris.

Descriptions of life on the Cornish coast, with its ancient customs and superstitions. There are three stories in the volume: Launch of the Dulcie, The Fishers of St. Porth, and Robert Pendean.

Fifty Leaders of British Sport. By Ernest C. Elliott.

Here are portraits of leaders in almost all kinds of sport in Britain, such as cricket, fishing, golf, hunting, automobiling, baseball, fencing, polo, hockey, skating, etc. The leaders chosen include such men as King Edward VII., the Prince of Wales, Mr. Egerton Castle, the Earl of Ancaster, Lord Balfour, and forty-five other men of prominence.

Daumier & Gavarni. Edited by Charles Holme.

A reproduction of a number of comic illustrations drawn by these two artists, many of which appeared in *Le Charivari*. They include about twenty colour plates and photogravures, and one hundred reproductions of drawings in black and white.

Longmans, Green and Company:

American Familiar Verse. Edited by Brander Matthews.

A selection of the best specimens of poetry by American authors. The volume is included in theWampum Library.

Modern Musical Drift. By W. J. Henderson.

Discussions of various musical masterpieces. They include Parsifalia, Der Ring des Nibelungen, and Isolde's Serving-Woman. The Italian Opera, the Oratorio of To-Day, and the works of Richard Strauss are also commented upon.

The Abbess of Vlaye. By Stanley J. Weyman.

Henry IV. orders M. des Ageaux to regain possession of Vlaye within six weeks; failure would mean a loss of the tenancy of Penigorve. With the aid of the Abbess of Vlaye he succeeds in his undertaking, but undergoes various experiences in the meantime. He is helped out of many difficulties by Henry, Duke of Joyeuse, who is an important character in the book.

The Macmillan Company:

Beethoven and His Forerunners. By Daniel Gregory Mason.

A general outline of the development of instrumental music up to its first great culmination in the work of Beethoven.

The Holy Roman Empire. By James Bryce.

To this new edition has been added a chronological table of events and three maps. It has been enlarged and revised throughout. Statements which seemed to have been too broadly expressed, or which political changes have made no longer true, have been corrected.

The Story of Ferrara. By Ella Noyes. Illustrated by Dora Noyes.

Tourists travelling in Italy some years

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ago rarely failed to visit Ferrara, but it is seldom visited to-day on account of the city's reputed unhealthfulness. The story of the princes and the house of Este, which eventually modelled the city to its liking, occupies a large part of the story of Ferrara. Miss Noyes says that some days spent in this quaint old mediæval city would prove vastly profitable.

History of the United States. Vol. V. By James Ford Rhodes.

The fifth volume of this series covers the events which make the history of the United States between 1864-1866. They include the capture of Savannah, the Franklin and Nashville campaign, Missouri as a free State, the peace efforts of the South, Northern and Southern society, character of Andrew Johnson, the campaign of 1866, and three national conventions.

The Sin of David. By Stephen Phillips.

A drama in three acts. It is laid in the time of Cromwell, and has for its theme the story of David and Uriah. This book will be reviewed in a subsequent number of THE BOOKMAN.

William Shakespeare. Poet, Dramatist, and Man. By Hamilton Wright Mabie.

In the new preface which he has given to this edition, the author says that he has endeavoured through this book to present the man as he is disclosed by the results of the long and loving study of a group of scholars who have searched the whole field of contemporary literature, records, and history.

Parables of Life. By Hamilton Wright Mabie.

To this edition four new chapters have been added. There are eight full-page photogravures.

Out of the Northland. By Emilie Kip Baker.

A little book written in a simple style so that children may read and understand the stories from Scandinavian mythology.

The Road in Tuscany. By Maurice Hewlett.

A review of this work will appear in a later number of this magazine.

The Christian Opportunity. By Randall Thomas Davidson, D.D.

A selection of thirteen of the speeches and sermons delivered on different occasions during the Archbishop of Canterbury's visit to America. They include the sermons in Quebec Cathedral, St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, Trinity Church, New York, Trinity Church, Boston, and the addresses in Faneuil Hall, Boston, Montreal Cathedral, to the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, Philadelphia, "Salutation" at Washington, etc.

Pathfinders of the West. By A. C. Laut.

The major part of this work has appeared serially in New York magazines. It is a history of the West, claiming the discoverers of this country to be Sieur Pierre Esprit Radisson and Sieur Médard Chouart Groseillers and not Marquette, Joliet, and La Salle, as heretofore believed.

The Quest of John Chapman. By Newell Dwight Hillis.

The story of a forgotten hero: the man known as "Johnny Appleseed," who in September, 1790, drifted down the Ohio in a boat filled with appleseeds. He aimed to go in advance of the settlers and plant orchards in the wilderness. In the various openings in the forest he would dig up the soil and plant several thousand apple seeds, protecting them from the deer by a fence made of brush.

Th. Nast. His Period and His Pictures. By Albert Bigelow Paine.

A review of this book appears elsewhere in this magazine.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

The Country Home. By E. P. Powell.

A book which aims to cover the practical problems of establishing oneself in the country. Valuable suggestions are given concerning the selection of the grounds, the building of the house, the water supply, sanitation, garden, vineyard, flowers, and animals. The work is well illustrated.

Cabbages and Kings. By O. Henry.

A tale of life in Central America. The author has woven into a story many of the happenings which occurred, as well as the impressions made upon him, while he was in that country.

Far From the Maddening Girls. By Dr. Guy Wetmore Carryl.

With a firm determination to remain a bachelor, the hero of this story builds a house in the woods, which he names "Shingle Blessedness." While wandering around his estate he meets a clever young lady living in the vicinity, who becomes the direct cause of upsetting all his plans.

French Home Cooking. By Berthe Julienne Low.

A book of French recipes adapted to the American kitchen. Each chapter is devoted to a separate subject, such as soups, fish, vegetables, sauces, etc.

James Pott and Company:

An Indian Garden. By Mrs. Henry Cooper Eggar.

A volume giving an account of the author's life in India. Mrs. Eggar not only describes plant life, but the various animals, snakes, birds, and insects to be found in this country, and the people with whom she comes in contact.

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G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Garden of Years and Other Poems. By Guy Wetmore Carryl.

A number of these poems have appeared in magazines, but there are a few which were completed just before the author's death.

Bucking the Sagebrush. By Charles J. Steedman.

An account of the experiences of the author during his first trip over the Oregon trail in the seventies, while a cowboy. Mr. Steedman vouches for the veracity of every incident related.

The United States. 2 vols. By Edwin Erle Sparks.

In these volumes the author has made an effort to find truth in a medium ground; to trace the gradual evolution of a confederate republic under the laws of necessity; to acknowledge that radical departures have been made from first ideals as a result of progress; to take into constant consideration the underlying forces of heredity and environment. The work belongs to the Story of the Nations Series.

Marjorie Fleming. The Story of Pet Marjorie. By L. MacBean.

Marjorie Fleming. A Story of Child-Life Fifty Years Ago. By Dr. John Brown.

A story of all that is known of Sir Walter Scott's pet, who died when but eight years of age. In addition to Dr. Brown's well-known account of the friendship which existed between Scott and Marjorie, the volume contains the latter's writings and her rhymes.

Swedish Life in Town and Country. By O. G. von Heidenstam.

A general survey of rural and town life in Sweden. It deals also with the government, political life, capital, education, literature, arts, agriculture, industries, trades, sports, and games of these people.

Portraits of the Seventeenth Century. 2 vols. By C. A. Sainte-Beuve.

The first volume contains literary studies of men and women in public life; the second volume concerns the preachers, the dramatic writers, and the women of the salon. Miss Katharine P. Wormeley has made the translations. The books are well illustrated.

Wellington—Soldier and Statesman, and the Revival of the Military Power of England. By William O'Connor Morris.

A book in the Heroes of the Nations Series. A complementary volume to the author's earlier work on Napoleon. Wellington is treated mainly from the standpoint of a soldier.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

The Prospector. By Ralph Connor.

Crow's Nest Pass, in which place the scenes of this tale are laid, is a mountain pass leading from the Canadian Northwest across the line into British Columbia. The story deals with the time when this country had but few inhabitants, and these were prospectors, cowboys and fortune hunters. A college graduate from the East, a manly man, sacrifices his home, friends, and mother, and goes from a sense of duty into this wild country, introducing to these Western people a necessary muscular Christianity in defence of the weak or in upholding the right.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

John Bunyan. By W. Hale White.

The main part of this book relates to Bunyan as expressed in his writings. It is an interpretation of the man and his work designed to interest the people of the present day. It belongs to the Literary Lives Series.

The Negro. The Southerner's Problem. By Thomas Nelson Page.

Mr. Page does not claim his book to be an exhaustive discussion of the negro problem. He has made the attempt, after years of study and of more or less familiarity with some phases of the problem, to present them plainly, candidly, and, as far as possible, temperately.

With Kuroki in Manchuria. By Frederick Palmer.

Campaigning for five months with the Japanese army has enabled the author to present to the general public a true and very clear pen picture of this Oriental war. Believing that the battle of Liao-yang would end for the year the operations in Manchuria, Mr. Palmer left the army and returned home. His book, therefore, does not deal with events after that date. In addition to descriptions of the various battles, the volume contains chapters explanatory of the customs and manners of the Japanese and their methods of warfare.

Christmas Eve on Lonesome. By John Fox, Jr.

A collection of six Kentucky stories, the first of which gives the title to the book. The themes of the stories are varied: two are humorous, one concerns Seton, a small dog, one deals with repentance, and two with forgiveness. The titles are: The Army of the Callahan, The Last Stetson, The Pardon of Becky Day, A Crisis for the Guard, and Christmas Night with Satan.

Handicraft and Recreation for Girls. By Lina Beard and Adelia B. Beard.

The book is divided into two parts

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The first is devoted to occupations or handicraft. This explains how to spin, weave, model in tissue-paper, mould clay, and do a number of other things. The second part, on recreations, suggests many different forms of amusement, such as a paper chase, a straw ride picnic, storekeeping, magic cloth, Hallowe'en revels, May Day amusements, etc.

Dai Nippon. By Henry Dyer.

A study in national evolution. The book aims to point out the forces which have been at work in bringing about the rise of Japan as a member of the comity of nations, and to note some of the chief results.

Nuremberg. By Herman Uhde-Bernays.

London as an Art City. By Mrs. Steuart Erskine.

Venice as an Art City. By Albert Zacher.

Three additions to the Langham Series of Art Monographs. They are well bound and illustrated and of a convenient size.

Drawings of Holbein.

A collection of fifty drawings on a large scale, many of them being printed in tints. There is also a biographical sketch of the artist.

The Divine Comedy of Dante—The Inferno. A translation and commentary by Marvin R. Vincent, D.D.

A literal translation, in which no attempt has been made to produce a smooth English poem.

The Temper of the XVIIth Century in English Literature. By Barrett Wendell.

A collection of Clark lectures given at Trinity College, Cambridge, in the year 1902-1903. The author gives as the purpose of the book "to indicate the manner in which the national temper of England, as revealed in seventeenth-century literature, changed from a temper ancestrally common to modern England and to modern America, and became, before the century closed, something which later time must recognise as distinctly, specifically English."

Everyday People. By Charles Dana Gibson.

A handsome volume of drawings in Mr. Gibson's usual artistic style. The pictures represent many scenes from everyday life, such as "Fellow Passengers in the Same Boat," "The Adventures of Mr. Tagg and His Family," "At the Matinee," and a number of others.

Retrospects. By William Knight.

Interesting incidents concerning Thomas Carlyle, Frederick Denison Maurice, Alfred Tennyson, Robert Browning. James Martineau, Arthur Stanley, Matthew Arnold, W. E. Gladstone, William Davies, James Smetham, Whitwell Elwin, Anna Swanwick, and J. Henry Shorthouse, all personal acquaintances of the author, are here related.

Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century. By Sidney Lee.

A series of eight lectures delivered at Lowell Institute, Boston, in the spring of 1903 constitutes the basis of this volume. The personages selected for study are: Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Edmund Spenser, Francis Bacon, and William Shakespeare.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

American Wives and Others. By Jerome K. Jerome.

A collection of twenty-five sketches written in the humorous vein of "The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" and "Three Men in a Boat." One of the principal reasons why Mr. Jerome admires American women is that they listen while he talks to them. The titles of some of these sketches are: American Wives à la Mode, Red Hot Stoves I Have Met, Sport-Stricken Mortals, Goodness That Grates on Us, Waiters I Have Known, American Girls' Etiquette, The Amenities of Cheerful Lying, etc.

The Oriental Rug Book. By Mary Churchill Ripley.

One hundred and sixty-four illustrations are of great assistance to the reader of this book. It is a volume which describes the various kinds of Oriental rugs, and explains the meaning of the different patterns. The evolution from natural to conventional design is also pointed out.

The Lace Book. By N. Hudson Moore.

A beautifully bound and illustrated volume containing seventy engravings showing specimens of lace on its wearer in famous portraits. It covers discussions on The Growth of Lace, Italian Lace, Flemish Lace, French and Spanish Laces, and English and Irish Laces.

As They Were and As They Should Have Been. Drawn by Olga Morgan.

Juvenile. A volume of pictures. There are two pictures on each page; one showing what the twins really did, and the other what they should have done at different times.

Buster Brown Abroad. By R. F. Outcault. Juvenile.

The War Between Russia and Japan. By Count Leo Tolstoy.

In this book Count Tolstoy denounces the method of procedure employed in the Russia-Japan War, and discusses its various phases.

A Japanese Romance. By Clive Holland.

A romance in which Somerville, an

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artist, fails in his attempt to win an English girl whom he meets on the ship en route for Japan. During his stay in the Orient he is loved by two Japanese women. Upon the spur of the moment, he marries the one of these women whom he rescues from "The Welcoming Geisha," into which place she has been put by her rival. Repenting of his rashness, he consults the "Orient Queen," with the result that he is "reminded of the woman he desires, and the image of her he has found no longer interesting is correspondingly obliterated." He then seeks and wins the English girl whom he loves.

A. Wessels Company:

The Legends of the Iroquois. By William W. Canfield.

A reprint of legends told many years ago by Cornplanter, the famous Seneca chief, to a pioneer of western New York.

Memoirs of the American War. By Major-General William Heath.

A reprint from the original edition of 1798, with introduction and notes by Rufus Rockwell Wilson. It is one of the "Source Books of American History."

Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by Charles Welsh.

The second volume in this series of four covers the famous battles fought from 1815-1860. They include the Belgian War of Independence, The Destruction of the British Army, The Fall of Chapultepec, The Siege of Sebastopol, etc.

BOSTON, MASS.

Dana Estes and Company:

Eliza. By Barry Pain.

An Englishman, who has a very good opinion of himself, tells of his domestic and marital experiences. His wife, Eliza, usually wins out in the end, but her husband doesn't realise that fact.

A Life of Shakespeare. By William J. Rolfe.

This work, originally prepared as a supplement to a subscription edition, is now published in a separate volume. It aims to include all the known facts and reasonable conjectures regarding the life and works of Shakespeare.

De Wolfe, Fiske and Company:

Cape Cod Folks. By Sarah P. McLean Greene.

A new edition of a well-known book. It is illustrated by thirty-two full-page half-tone engravings and by twenty-five vignettes. It presents a handsome appearance.

The Oliver Ditson Company:

Modern French Songs. Vols. I. and II. Edited by Philip Hale.

Songs by Thirty Americans. Edited by Rupert Hughes.

Fifty Songs by Franz Schubert. Edited by Henry T. Finck.

Four additional volumes to the Musicians' Library. Each volume of song is issued in two editions—one for high voice and one for low voice.

Ginn and Company:

Adventures of Pinocchio. By C. Collodi.

This translation of a popular Italian classic has been made and revised by Sara E. H. Lockwood. There are many humorous drawings. It appears in the Once Upon a Time Series.

Education of the Wage-Earners. By Thomas Davidson.

The account of an experiment of one man in the education of wage-earners; also the record of a movement along this line still in process of formation.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Women in the Fine Arts. By Clara Erskine Clement.

A biographical and critical hand book reviewing the work done by women in painting, sculpture, and the lesser arts, from the seventh century B.C. to the present day.

The Dynamic of Christianity. By Edward Mortimer Chapman.

A study of the vital and permanent element in the Christian religion, in which the author aims to define the source and origin of power in this faith.

The Story of St. Paul. By Benjamin Wisner Bacon.

A great contest to decide whether Christianity should be a religion for the world or a Jewish sect is here described. St. Paul is the central figure. The author's method has been to first read the story as known to the author of Acts, critically comparing it with the Epistles; he then interprets the Epistles in the light of the historical results thus obtained.

Routine and Ideals. By LeBaron Russell Briggs.

A volume of seven of the most important essays which Dean Briggs has written since 1901. The book takes its title from the first essay, the others are: Harvard and the Individual, Address to the School Children of Concord, Commencement Address at Wellesley College, Discipline in School and College, The Mistakes of College Life, and Mater Fortissima.

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Lee and Shepard:

Talitha Cumi. By Annie J. Holland.

A story of freedom through Christian Science. There are five sisters connected with the family here described, one of whom is deformed. By means of kindly instruction and the gift of "Science and Health" a wonderful change takes place.

Self-Building Through Common Sense Methods. By Corrilla Banister.

This volume aims to point out the way to develop the physical, mental and spiritual health.

Under the Mikado's Flag. By Edward Stratemeyer.

A story of adventure in the Soldiers of Fortune Series. It deals with two young Americans in Korea and Manchuria during the outbreak of the war between Russia and Japan.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

Looking for Alice. By Walter Burgess Smith.

Juvenile. The adventures of little Harriet, who goes through an old well looking for Alice of Wonderland.

John W. Luce and Company:

Stealthy Steve. By Newton Newkirk.

One of The Foolish Series. A satirical detective story, dealing with the quest of the big blue diamond by the Six-Eyed Sleuth.

Fires of St. John. Hermann Sudermann. Translated and adapted by Charles Swickard.

A drama in four acts. The plot of the play centres on a superstitious belief that on one night in each year, known as St. John's night, the witches burn upon a large fire the spirits of dead and perished wishes. Also that "whoever shall give or receive their first kiss on St. John's eve, their love is sealed and they will be faithful unto death."

L. C. Page and Company:

Dumas's Paris. By Francis Miltoun.

Mr. Miltoun describes a large part of Paris, for the reason that Dumas lived in scores of places. In this volume the author follows him through the streets of Paris with such important and significant events as are combined "with the scheme of his literary life of the times in which he lived." It is not the Paris of to-day, but the city in which this famous man lived his life.

The Art of the Louvre. By Mary Knight Potter.

A brief history of the palace and of its collection of paintings, as well as descriptions and criticisms of many of the principal pictures and their artists. It may be called a compilation of the opinions of the most famous art critics. Those opinions have been taken which seemed to the author to be most generally true, and of especial value to readers who have but comparatively little knowledge of the subject. The book is well bound and contains about fifty duogravures.

The Prisoner of Mademoiselle. By Charles G. D. Roberts.

Lieutenant Zachary Cowles lands in Acadia during the period of Anglo-French hostilities, and is held a prisoner by the niece of the Governor. The prisoner and mademoiselle, whose attachment for each other is shown early in the story, are aided in their elopement by a kind-hearted and convenient priest.

The Plimpton Press:

Peace and Progress. By Nathan Haskell Dole.

Three symphonic poems. The first, The Building of the Organ, is written in five movements, and the other, A Vision of Peace, is in nine. It is in the form of a booklet, bound in paper covers.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Wit and Humour of Well-Known Quotations. Edited by Marshall Brown.

The editor has selected about four hundred well-known quotations, and after each one has added humorous witticisms concerning the saying which have been made from time to time by newspapers or noted persons.

The Beacon Biographies of Eminent Americans—Walt. Whitman. By Isaac Hull Platt.

To be reviewed in a subsequent issue of this magazine.

The Lover's Rubáiyát. Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse.

An arrangement of Omar's quatrains into a love poem. The book is well bound.

Herbert B. Turner and Company:

Piney Home. By George Selwyn Kimball.

A tale of romance and adventure founded upon facts, the scenes of which are laid in Maine. It is distinctly a story of New England.

The Quincunx Case. By William Dent Pitman.

A detective story. The hero undertakes to find the formula for a preparation to prevent the cracking of patent-leather, which formula had been stolen by a band of robbers. After many exciting adventures and escapes he accomplishes his three-fold purpose: finds the formula, gains the confidence and esteem of a rich but sceptical uncle, and wins the hand of the woman he loves.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

Bronson and Company:

Twice a Man. By Clark H. Bronson.

The story of a double memory case, representing Erastus Boggs as losing his memory. His mind, which has become as simple as a babe's, grows to manhood the second time. The story is founded upon facts, and two incidents of a similar nature are cited in an appendix by the author.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

When Little Boys Sing. By John and Rue Carpenter.

A book of songs for very young children. It is well bound and illustrated.

My Lady of the North. By Randall Parrish.

A romance concerning Captain Philip Wayne, an officer in the Confederate Army, and Edith Brennan, his "Lady of the North." Captain Wayne fights for his life through many thrilling adventures—not on his own account but for the sake of the woman he loved.

The Railway Age:

Letters from an Old Railway Official. By Charles De Lano Hine.

A series of letters from an old railway official, giving good, wholesome advice concerning railroading to his son, who is a division superintendent. They cover a wide range of topics and should be of great interest to all men in general and railway men in particular.

Rand, McNally and Company:

Confessions of Marguerite. By Opie Read.

Marguerite, a young girl living in the rural districts of Wisconsin, labours under the delusion that she has a talent for painting and acting. After the death of her parents she dismisses her country lover and goes to Chicago to live by her art. This resulting in failure, she tries the stage with but little better success. Although temptations are offered on all sides, Marguerite leads a straightforward life. She becomes disgusted with her surroundings and finally goes back to Wisconsin, where she teaches a short time, but soon meets the man whom she has always loved.

Herbert S. Stone and Company:

Three Weeks in Europe. By John U. Higinbotham.

From notes taken from his diary, the author has written a book descriptive of a six weeks' vacation, nineteen days of which were spent on the steamer. The volume is copiously illustrated.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

P. Blakiston's Sons and Company:

Mental Defectives. Their History, Treatment, and Training. By Martin W. Barr.

To be reviewed in a later number of THE BOOKMAN.

Henry T. Coates and Company:

Completed Proverbs. By Lisle de Vaux Matthewman and Claire Victor Dwiggins.

A small volume containing one hundred witticisms. Characteristic drawings greatly enhance the interest in the book.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

Abraham Lincoln. By Ellis P. Oberholtzer.

The first in the American Crisis Biographies, a new series. Designed to be an unbiassed story of Lincoln's life.

A Dreamer in Paris. By William Jasper Nicolls.

A small volume in which the author describes his impressions of Paris. The book is not written from the standpoint of admiration.

Mr. Kris Kringle. By S. Weir Mitchell.

The reproduction of a story written many years ago for the Home for Crippled Children in Philadelphia. A young mother and her two children are struggling with hard times which have come to them, and Kris Kringle is not looked for on Christmas Eve. The father pays a midnight visit to the house, impersonating Kris Kringle, and leaves many presents and a letter to the mother, which is the means of their becoming a united family. The book is well decorated.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Morganatic. By Max Nordau.

A novel dealing with a morganatic marriage, its effect upon character and the relations of individuals. The scenes are laid in the literary and journalistic circles of Paris, and in the courts of foreign principalities. The translation has been made by Elizabeth Lee.

Isle of Black Fire. By Howard R. Garis.

Three American boys accompany an expedition in search of an island unknown to the civilised world. A shipwrecked sailor, who has escaped from the savage inhabitants of the island, acts as their guide. The story is full of exciting adventure.

Light on the Hills. By Charles G. Albertson.

A volume of verses by different authors on the following themes: Life and Death, Immortality, The Blessed Dead, Heaven, Resurrection, Recognition, and The Larger Hope.

Kitty of the Roses. By Ralph Henry Barbour.

A very pretty little romance in which Kitty and a young architect are the central figures. The scene is laid in Kitty's rose garden. Frequent illustrations and

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marginal decorations give the book a very attractive appearance.

Ivan the Terrible. By K. Waliskewski. Translated by Lady Mary Loyd.

A narration of Ivan the Terrible's great work in consolidating his country, in which the author endeavours to show that Ivan was not terrible, but was respected by his countrymen. It is a study of Russia in the sixteenth century.

Shakespeare. A new Variorum Edition. Edited by Horace Howard Furness.

Another addition to the A New Variorum edition of Shakespeare. This volume contains "Love's Labour's Lost." which is the fourteenth play that Mr. Furness has brought out during the past thirty years.

Baccarat. By Frank Danby.

This book is reviewed elsewhere in this number.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Life in Sing Sing. By Number 1500.

Number 1500 gives a general description of prison life. He discusses the diet, discipline, executions, prisoners of prominence, escapes, and government of the prison. He also relates some incidents of convict life, gives studies from actual criminal life, and brings out many other phases of existence in Sing Sing. Number 1500 will be remembered as a contributor to THE BOOKMAN.

Zelda Dameron. By Meredith Nicholson.

A romance, in which one of the principal features is Zelda's long struggle with her miserly father, who, through recklessness, loses her fortune in a wild speculation in corn. However, a happy and victorious ending to this life of sacrifice and hardships awaits the girl. The book is illustrated in colour.

The Man on the Box. By Harold MacGrath.

The hero of this novel falls in love with a girl he does not know. He becomes her groom and either drives her about or accompanies her on horseback for the greater part of the story. The girl knows from the first that he is a gentleman in disguise, and very soon discovers that he is the brother of her dearest friend. She guards the secret as well as he does. The story could have but one ending.

The Girl and the Kaiser. By Pauline Bradford Mackie.

A romantic story of an American girl living with her uncle at the court of the Kaiser.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Paul Elder and Company:

Yosemite Legends. By Bertha H. Smith.

A volume composed of six legends, each of which represents a folk-song of the tribe of the Ahwahneeche, or Yosemite dwellers. There are thirteen full-page illustrations.

Upland Pastures. By Adeline Knapp.

Eight essays on the general subject of Nature. The titles of the various essays are: The Beginning of Things, Springtime Showers, Where the Bee Sucks, Floral Socialists, Scouring-Weed, Wings of the Morning, An Idyl of the Hills, and At the Smithy Door. The book is well bound.

The Entirely New Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom for 1905. By Ethel Watts Mumford, Oliver Herford and Addison Mizner.

A book-calendar in which a page is given to each week. It contains a number of cynical expressions and is illustrated profusely in black, red, and white. The volume is bound in gingham.

TORONTO, CANADA.

William Briggs:

Poems. By James Alexander Tucker.

A posthumous volume of verse. There is a prefatory memoir by Arthur Stringer.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Duckworth and Company:

Religious Persecution. By E. S. P. Haynes.

The author gives in the preface, as his aim in writing this book, his desire to illustrate historically certain aspects of religious persecution and toleration, which, in his opinion, have not been sufficiently realised either by statesmen or historians.

Elliott Stock:

Gleanings in Old Garden Literature. By W. Carew Hazlitt.

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A collection of verse.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

The Bulletin Newspaper Company, Limited:

The Red Pagan. By A. G. Stephens.

This book is for the most part a reprint from "The Red Pages" of *The Bulletin*. It consists of a collection of short essays on various subjects. A general idea of the book may be obtained from the following sub-heads: What is Literature, The Philosophic Life, Rhetorical Ruskin, The Genealogy of Genius, The Brontë Family, etc.

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of November and the 1st of December:

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. A Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. An Unsocial Socialist. Shaw. (Brentano's.) $1.25.
3. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Prisoner of Mademoiselle. Roberts. (Page.) $1.50.
6. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Georgians. Harbin. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Bethany. Watson. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Undercurrent. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Master's Violin. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Double Harness. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Autobiography of Conway. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $6.00 net.
3. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Routine and Ideals. Briggs. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00 net.
5. The Undercurrent. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Recollections of General Robert E. Lee. Lee. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $2.50 net.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Undercurrent. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Law of the Land. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. My Lady of the North. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Man on the Box. McGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Truants. Mason. (Harper.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Jewel's Story Book. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Undercurrent. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Master's Violin. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Zelda Dameron. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Man on the Box. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Law of the Land. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Jewel's Story Book. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. Petals of Love. Orthwein. (Dodge.) $2.00.
5. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Captains of the World. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
4. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Christmas Eve on Lonesome. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The House of Fulfilment. Martin. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Double Harness. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Undercurrent. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
5. Jewel's Story Book. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 25 cents.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. The Mountains. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.
5. Double Harness. Hope. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.
6. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Briggs.) $1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. An Angel by Brevet. Pitkin. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. My Lady of the North. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Double Harness. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. River Children. Stuart. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Man on the Box. McGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Last Hope. Merriman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Kitty of the Roses. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $2.00.

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OMAHA, NEB.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Undercurrent. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Undercurrent. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Double Harness. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Zelda Dameron. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. A Short History of Oregon. Johnston. (McClurg.) $1.00 net.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Truants. Mason. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Common Lot. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Little Citizen. Kelly. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Undercurrent. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. Recollections of General Robert E. Lee. Lee. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $2.50 net.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Eagle's Shadow. Cabell. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Susan Clegg. Warner. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.00.
4. The Undercurrent. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Vergilius. Bachelor. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Dialstone. Jacobs. (Scribner.) 1.50.
6. Prosit. Clotho. (Elder.) $1.25.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Susan Clegg. Warner. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.00.
5. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Undercurrent. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.00.

TOLEDO, O.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Christmas on Lonesome. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
4. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Morang & Co.) $1.50
5. The Sea Wolf. London. (Morang & Co.) $1.50.
6. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.

TUCSON, ARI.

1. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Singular Miss Smith. Kingsley. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Foolish Dictionary. Wurdz. (J. W. Luce & Co.) 75 cents.
4. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Japan. Hearn. (Macmillan & Co.) $2.00 net.
5. Whosoever Shall Offend. Crawford. (Macmillan & Co.) $1.50.
6. Traffics and Discoveries. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Undercurrent. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. Japan. Hearn. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
6. An Irishman's Story. McCarthy. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system.

					POINTS.
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS.
1. The Masquerader. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.	259
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.	181
3. The Sea Wolf. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.	112
4. The Prodigal Son. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50	75
5. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.	63
6. The Undercurrent. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50	53

As the season represented by these lists is far and away the most active one in the book world, it may interest many to know something of the running of some of the books that did not quite qualify:

7. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	51
8. God's Good Man. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	48
9. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.	33
10. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.	31
11. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	28
12. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50	27

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